The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 108. Vol. XVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October *in the* November *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We have the best authority for stating that there is no truth in the rumours circulated lately connecting Princess Henry of Pless with the authorship of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." The confusion has no doubt been caused by the fact that the writer was some years ago a well-known figure in English society, and married a German of noble birth. We understand that the book was written as a pastime, and that the author was greatly surprised when she received Messrs. Macmillan's letter accepting it for publication.

Mr. F. G. Kitton, the well-known Dickens enthusiast, is about to publish an important addition to Dickens bibliography, under the title, "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography and Sketch." The book will contain a complete bibliographical history of Dickens' various writings, from the time when his first printed paper appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, and will include a full list of Dickens' ephemeral contributions to periodical literature, notably to those journals of which he himself was editor. Dickens' contributions to *Household Words* can only be identified by internal evidence, but the list given by Mr. Kitton was endorsed by the late Mr. Charles Dickens the younger, and may be taken as complete. With respect to *All the Year Round*, Mr. Kitton has discovered an office set of that journal, in which the name of the writer has been inscribed against each article.

Several unauthorised statements having lately been printed with regard to the proposed Subject Index for the British Museum, Mr. Fortescue has been kind enough to supply us with the following particulars as to the catalogues of books in the Library. The General Catalogue is merely a catalogue of authors. For years it was kept in written entries or slips posted in plain paper books. This arrangement was found to suffer from many disadvantages of size and of illegibility. As the work proceeded the catalogue was printed, while the works of the authors already catalogued were transferred to plain interleaved sheets. The Authors' Catalogue is now completed to the end of 1899. Accession Catalogues are prepared and printed fortnightly, and are gradually absorbed into the General Catalogue, which now consists of four hundred parts or volumes with seventy additional supplements. The cost of this catalogue has been roughly estimated at £40,000, or £2,000 a year spread over a period of twenty years, and copies have been supplied to most of the leading libraries in Europe at a cost of £84. Now that the staff employed on the General Catalogue is free to take up other work, it has been decided to start a Subject Index, which Mr. Fortescue hopes will be completed within ten years. The task is certainly a formidable one, but there can be no doubt that such an index will be an immense boon to readers in every part of the world.

We understand that Mr. Richard le Gallienne's new novel is to bear the picturesque title of "The Life Romantic," and is to include "The Love Letters of the King."

Mrs. Henry Dudeney, whose reputation is growing rapidly in this country and in the United States, has just completed a new novel, "Men of Marlowe's," which Mr. John Long announces in his autumn list.

The first number of a new weekly for boys is to be published by Mr. Andrew Melrose, of the Sunday School Union, in the early autumn. It is called *Boys of the Empire*, and will be edited by Mr. Howard Spicer.

Mr. Howard Pease, of the well-known industrial and railway family, and the author of several North Country novels, and Mr. W. H. Galloway Kyle, a well-known journalist, are preparing for publication on September 21st the first number of a new periodical, the *Northern Counties Magazine*, which will include a poem by Mr. Swinburne, a short story by Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, and articles by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Sir William Eden, Bart., etc.

John Strange Winter has just completed her seventieth book—"A Self-Made Countess: The Justification of a Husband." The novel is dedicated to Mr. Atherley-Jones, Q.C., M.P., and will be published next week by Messrs. F. V. White and Co.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton has completed his work on J. M. Barrie and his books. This will be published shortly, and will include a full bibliography.

One of the most interesting literary books of the early autumn will be "Samuel Richardson: a Critical and Biographical Study," by Miss Clara Thomson, which Messrs. Horace Marshall are to publish in a few weeks.

Mr. H. C. MacIlwaine, the author of "Dinkinbar," has written a book for boys entitled "The White Stone," which Messrs. Wells Gardner will issue this autumn.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press the third volume of

Dr. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth" and the second volume of Sir William Hunter's "History of British India."

Mr. A. W. Jackson has completed his Biography of the late Dr. Martineau, which Messrs. Longmans will issue in September.

Mr. Andrew Lang's annual Christmas book for Children is to be called "The Grey Fairy Book."

Mr. Robert Burns Begg, who died last month, was a grand-nephew of Burns and the author of an interesting and valuable Memoir of Isobel Burns (Mrs. Begg), privately printed in 1891. Mr. Burns Begg, who was a solicitor at Kinross, was a frequent contributor to the *Kinross-shire Advertiser*, and was well known as an enthusiastic antiquarian and the author of the "Lochleven Angler." Mr. Burns Begg's brother, the Rev. Bruce Burns Begg, Established Church minister at Abbotshall in Fifeshire, is understood to possess some interesting relics of his grand-uncle, including a letter written to his youngest brother, William, on the moral dangers of London.

The holiday season usually produces some discussion of literary interest, and this year the subject which has been ventilated in the newspapers is the future of the six-shilling novel. The discussion was started by one of the trade papers, in which it was stated that the bookseller had not benefited as much as it was hoped from the abolition of the "three-decker," and that the one chance of saving him from extinction was to reduce the price of fiction, so that readers might buy books instead of borrowing them from the circulating libraries. It has been stated, too, that neither publisher nor author is satisfied with the present arrangement, and it was even hinted that an attempt was to be made to return to the old three-volume form. The following letters which we have received from several of the leading publishers of fiction will be read with interest:—

Mr. R. B. Marston, of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company, writes:—

"Since Mr. Mudie killed the three-volume novel we see no chance of its revival, though I don't think the six-shilling form is the final one. I think we shall come eventually to the French and German system of producing as cheaply as possible in paper covers and at a *little* higher price in cloth. I should not mind giving 2s. or 2s. 6d. for a new novel, but I never think of giving 6s."

Mr. Heinemann writes:—

"A certain class of novels might perhaps with advantage be published in a more elegant form than at present, and possibly those appealing to a small wealthy and fastidious class of readers might not suffer through an increase in price—for is it not an anomaly that everything in life has become more and more luxurious with the sole exception of books? The prevalent cry for the cheap indicates clearly enough that only very few novels would sell advantageously at a higher price than six shillings. Whether, on the other hand, a reduction of the price of six shillings would profitably increase the sale of novels—that is a very open question. In the individual cases which I have experimented in, this has not been so. One thing is certain, and that is that the universal lowering of the conventional selling price of novels below six shillings would be accompanied with a certain danger to the general profitable writing or publishing of fiction—the same danger which has wrecked French fiction publishing and reduced in France the chance of any financial result to the works of about half a dozen writers."

Messrs. Methuen and Company write:—

"We have not arrived at a definite conclusion about the novel question, but we see no reason to change to a lower price at present."

Mr. Herbert Blackett, of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, writes:—

"The truth is, the public will not buy what they do not want, whether the book is published at six shillings or sixpence. I believe the six-shilling novel has come to stay, and if the public want it they will buy it, and the only reason why the price should be reduced is when there is not sufficient matter to make a full volume. I cannot see how the three-volume novel can ever be revived. I wish I could, but should be very sorry to try the experiment, although the majority of authors and all publishers would benefit by it. The great reason and, as far as I can see at present, the only reason for the unsatisfactory state of the novel trade is over-production. The Libraries, who are still large buyers, complain they cannot use all the novels that are published, and one can scarcely wonder at it when we know that all the principal works of fiction and scores of others are published between the end of August and the end of November. Why not have a spring season like we used to?"

Mr. Grant Richards writes:—

"I take it that it is the commercial future of the six-shilling novel which is exercising the minds of your contemporaries. That, it seems to me, is likely to go from bad to worse while there is, on the one hand, so vast a number of indifferent practitioners in the 'art' of its production, and, on the other, so large a body of publishers, learning little from experience, who, on the principle of 'hope springs eternal,' are willing to speculate and speculate in the endeavour to secure such a success as that of 'Red Pottage' or 'No. 5, John Street.' And in addition to these definitely commercial ventures, there are the many entirely hopeless works of fiction published at the author's expense. So for myself I attribute a state of things at present unsatisfactory and in promise still more so to over-production. But how that is to be stopped in a trade to which the ordinary economic conditions seem not to apply is a problem that I doubt the power even of the grave and reverend seniors of the Committee of the Publishers' Association to solve."

Mr. John Long writes:—

"I am completely in favour of the six-shilling novel, believing not only that the publisher will gain by its continuance, but that the author can earn an income if he has found his vocation. As to publishing novels at a cheaper price than six shillings, it would, I think, be disastrous for author and publisher. The discounts to the trade being now very heavy, and the cost of judicious advertising being far in excess of what it was a dozen years ago, owing to the presence of so many newspapers laying claim to be literary, would only allow of a very small royalty being paid to an author. This is not the place to go into details, but you would be struck with the minute profit—it is more likely to be a great loss—on an original novel published at 2s. 6d. after all the claims against it have been discharged. I therefore again most emphatically reiterate that nothing less than six shillings will serve as a suitable price for the novel."

Messrs. Jarrold write:—

"We do not believe it would be a wise step to publish new fiction in a cheaper form than six shillings from the first, as by doing so the publishers would lose the patronage of a wealthy section of the public who are prepared to pay six shillings, or the discount price, 4s. 6d., in order to obtain new fiction immediately on production. At the same time there is a considerable section of the public who could not be reached through the six shilling issue, but who are content to wait until the book is published at a price which will suit their pockets."

Messrs. Nisbet and Company write:—

"In the interest both of author and of publisher we should deprecate any further reduction in the customary price of novels."

It is clear that while the present system has many disadvantages, no immediate change is contemplated by the

publishers. As far as authors are concerned there can be no doubt that many have suffered considerably by the abolition of the three-volume novel, and their lot would be still harder if the price were further reduced. What is really needed is a definite test as to whether a new novel by a popular author would sell more than twice as many copies at 3s. as at 6s., and it is obviously for the author to make the trial, for the price of the novel is almost entirely a question of royalties. Would the first edition of "The Master Christian" have reached *two* hundred thousand copies at 3s.? Mr. Hall Caine gave the matter most careful consideration some time ago, but we understand his new novel is to be published at the usual price.

MR. RONALD MACDONALD.

Anna Katherine Green's new detective story is to be called "The Circular Study."

Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son will publish this autumn a new book by the Methodist writer who is known as "John Ackworth," under the title "The Minder."

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the "coloured" writer, has finished a new novel entitled "The Love of Landry." Mr. Dunbar is a poet as well as a novelist, and recently paid a lecturing tour to England.

The late David Dwight Wells, whose humorous books, "Her Ladyship's Elephant" and "His Lordship's Leopard," attracted much attention when published by Mr. Heinemann, has left behind him a posthumous work entitled "Parlous Times."

Mr. Frank Stockton's new book of short stories is to be entitled "Afield and Afloat."

Mr. A. Hulme Beaman, the well-known writer on Eastern subjects, has met with a serious accident, having broken his leg while staying at Constantinople. He is employing his forced leisure in writing some sporting reminiscences.

Mr. John Long will publish this autumn a new novel by Frederic Carrel, the author of "The Adventures of John Johns" and "The Progress of Pauline Kessler." The title chosen is "The Realisation of Justus Moran."

Messrs. Constable will publish in a few days the first volumes of their magnificent "Victoria History of the Counties of England." The general editor of the series is Mr. H. Arthur Doubleday, one of the Directors of the Company, and he is supported by an advisory council and several committees of recognised experts. Each county has its own general editor, with a staff of special sub-editors under him in charge of the various sections, and the general editor is the medium of communication between the volunteer county workers and the several sub-editors of sections. An immense amount of pains and money is being spent on the undertaking, and the instructions sent from the central committee to the writers of the various sections are minute in the extreme, and for one county alone would fill hundreds of pages. The paper, printing and binding are the best that can be procured, and the illustrations are reproduced in most handsome manner. The price to subscribers to the whole series is fixed at 240 guineas, but each history of a county is complete in itself, and will be sold separately, with one or two exceptions, at the price of a guinea and a half per volume. There will be supplementary volumes to each county history, containing pedigrees and many coloured illustrations of coats of arms, etc., price five guineas apiece. The series will contain in all about four hundred maps, and it is interesting to note that the whole work of printing, including even the coloured illustrations, is being done in this country by Messrs. Butler and Tanner, of Frome. We understand that the orders already received are satisfactory, and that this great undertaking promises to be in every way a success.

We have pleasure in giving this month portraits of Mr. Ronald Macdonald, the son of Dr. George Macdonald, and the author of "The Sword of the King," reviewed in our last number, and of Miss Julia M. Crottie, whose excellent collection of sketches, "Neighbours," is noticed in another page. Mr. Macdonald was born in 1860, and after taking his degree at Trinity College, Oxford, was for two years a schoolmaster in England, partly at Clifton College and at the Cathedral School at Gloucester. Afterwards he taught for some seven years in the United States, being for the greater part of that time headmaster of a church school in North Carolina. On returning to England he had some practical experience of the stage in the provinces, and wrote several plays, one of which, "The Eleventh Hour," written in collaboration with Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, was toured for a year by the authors. Mr. Macdonald's novel, "The Sword of the King," is founded upon another of his plays.

MISS JULIA M. CROTTIE,
Author of "Neighbours."

Miss Crottie is a native of Lismore, Co. Waterford. "Neighbours" is Miss Crottie's first book, but she has been connected with journalism both in the United States and in Ireland for some years.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON AND THE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 18TH, 1900.

The present part of the year is usually a most trying one for the bookseller. However, the amount of business transacted during the past month appears to have approximated closely to that in corresponding periods of previous years, and there has been nothing beyond the customary slackness experienced. Fiction has proved the staple commodity; indeed, so much so that it is somewhat difficult to imagine how the trade managed to tide over this season before the era of the six shilling novel. Rumours are nevertheless prevalent that this style of issue is to be superseded, in the near future, by the 3s. 6d. edition in the paper covers so conspicuous on the Continent. Still, threatened institutions are proverbial for their longevity, and in the meanwhile orders are coming in apace for the approaching new volume by Marie Corelli, "The Master Christian," an edition of 75,000 having been exhausted before publication. "The Increasing Purpose," by J. Lane Allen, has continued to be immensely popular, whilst two new works by Richard Marsh, "The Goddess" and "The Seen and Unseen," together with "The Silent Gate," by Tighe Hopkins, have proved very successful.

Works on Sport have been moving briskly, and the several new volumes in the Haddon Hall Library have been especially sought after. "Sport in War," by the hero of Mafeking, has also sold freely; whilst cricket has been represented by "The Walkers of Southgate," edited by E. T. Sachs, which has enjoyed a wide circulation amongst the lovers of our national game.

China has naturally continued to exercise a moderate amount of influence on the trade, and several new editions of the older works treating upon that region have been issued, and have sold fairly well. Amongst the most recent productions, "China and the Present Crisis," by Joseph Walton, and "China in Decay," by Alexis Krausse, appear to have been the most popular.

In connection with the South African campaign, the only book of importance published during the month is "The Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed," by C. H. Thomas, which has sold well.

Guide books for home resorts still continue to command a steady sale, and several tastily-produced descriptive handbooks to the Emerald Isle have appeared.

Biography and all literature of a more or less serious nature appears to have been laid aside by the reading public for the present.

The sixpenny reprint has been strongly in evidence throughout the whole of the month, and a very considerable turnover has been effected in this line, far more indeed than the outlook during the earlier part of the year seemed to indicate, it having found large purchasers in the holiday-makers, and large consignments having also been forwarded to the Colonies. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy, has led the way, an edition of 100,000 having been disposed of, whilst "Aylwin," by Watts-Dunton, "What Cheer!" by Russell, "Young April," by Egerton Castle, and "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie, together with a host of competitors, have formed a very important feature in the trade of the month.

There has unfortunately been a marked falling off in the circulation of several of the most prominent magazines, but trade has been compensated somewhat by the increased popularity of several of the illustrated periodicals.

We append the usual list of books which have been most in demand during the present month:—

The Increasing Purpose. By J. L. Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
For Britain's Soldiers. 6s. (Methuen.)
Origin of the Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Village Notes. By Pamela Tennant. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Overland to China. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)
China and the Present Crisis. By J. Walton, M.P. 6s. (Low.)
Pictorial Gardening. By Wright. 1s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Voices of the Night. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Edna Lyall's Works. 3s. 6d. edition. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Seen and Unseen. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)
Kirk's Papers on Health. 2s. (Simpkin.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Guide Books by various publishers, and Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
July 21—Quiet in all departments.
" 28—A fair week. Brisker in Colonial orders.
Aug. 4—Steady sales. Export somewhat slacker.
" 11—Quiet, but up to the average for time of year.
" 18—Somewhat better in all departments.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 20TH, 1900.

Except in districts where school vacations had finished, and, in consequence, educational books were in request, the business of the month was mainly made up of sales of sixpenny reissues of popular works by booksellers at seaside and holiday resorts.

The libraries were unusually brisk in taking up the latest six-shilling novels, but general literature had few purchasers. In connection with the continued demand for the sixpenny novel, publishers maintained an undiminished supply. The following were most prominent: "Pomp of the Lavilettes," by G. Parker; "What Cheer?" by Clark Russell; "Aylwin," by T. Watts-Dunton; "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie; "School for Saints," by John Oliver Hobbes; and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy.

As a popular shilling book and well suited to the season, "Humours of a Hydro," by D. Major, sold rapidly, and Lockie's "Guide to Edinburgh," with Cassell's "Pictorial Guides to the Clyde," represented the literature most in request by holiday seekers.

No outstanding six-shilling novel, so far as popularity was concerned, appeared during the month, but several recently published maintained their interest, such as "Robert Orange," "Voices in the Night," by F. A. Steel; "Boy," by Marie Corelli; "Vanishing of Tera," by Fergus Hume; and "The Mesmerists," by B. L. Farjeon. At five shillings "The Prince of Swindlers," by Boothby, was the leading novel, and at three shillings and sixpence "Jan Oxber," by Orme Agnus, was most in request. Some good orders were taken for forthcoming six-shilling books; of

these, "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie, and the "Master Christian," by Marie Corelli, having expectations of ready disposal.

War literature steadily declined, but some interest was shown in Thomas' "Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed," and in Major-General Baden-Powell's volume, "Sport in War," with its illustrations by the author. The shilling book entitled "An Absent-Minded War," by a British Officer, continued to have a ready sale.

In connection with the stirring events in China there was a renewed demand for Professor Douglas' book in the "Story of the Nations Series," and at the more important libraries there were many requests for such works as Colquhoun's "Overland to China" and Sidmore's "China, the Long-Lived Empire."

As usual, the principal month of the travelling season brought large magazine sales and guide books for sportsmen. In this connection the following magazines had unusually brisk sale, *Pearson*, *Strand*, *Royal*, and the *Woman at Home*.

Mention should also be made of the ready reception accorded to *Blackwood* for August, with its thrilling article by Captain Haldane on "How we Escaped from Pretoria."

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Six-shilling novels:—
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)
Voices in the Night. By F. A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. (Hutchinson.)
Vanishing of Tera. By Fergus Hume. (White.)
Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. (Methuen.)
Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder.)
Increasing Purpose. By J. L. Allen. (Macmillan.)
Mesmerists. By B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson.)
West End. By P. White. (Sands.)
Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder.)

Five shillings:—
The Prince of Swindlers. By Guy Boothby. (Ward and Lock.)

Three shillings and sixpence:—
Jan Oxber. By Orme Agnus. (Ward and Lock.)

War Books:—
Origin of the Anglo-Boer War Revealed. By C. H. Thomas. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Sport in War. By Major-General Baden-Powell. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Miscellaneous:—
Romantic Edinburgh. By J. Geddie. 6s. (Sands.)
Humours of a Hydro. By Dagney Major. 1s. (Skeffington.)
And many sixpenny reprints.

NEW WRITER.

ELLEN GLASGOW,

The Author of "The Voice of the People."

IT is an interesting fact that three recent American novels, every one notable, should have as their subjects three different periods of Virginian history—Miss Mary Johnston's "By Order of the Company" about Colonial Virginia, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock" about the period of Reconstruction, and "The Voice of the People," by Ellen Glasgow, about contemporaneous Virginian life. Mr. William Heinemann, who had the good fortune to secure Mr. Page's novel, has been likewise fortunate in publishing Miss Glasgow's book, which in some respects is the most remarkable work of the three.

Miss Glasgow is a descendant of a long line of notable Virginians. "Kingsborough," the principal scene of her novel, has been easily identified with Williamsburgh, "once a chartered city," but now "only a charter." One of Miss Glasgow's forefathers was a colonial President of King's (William and Mary) College, and another, Christopher de Graffenried, the son of the Baron de Graffenried, who came near losing his life in the colony of North Carolina, was a resident of "Kingsborough." Thus Miss Glasgow grew familiar with ancient Williamsburgh partly out of her own family chronicles and traditions. It is, perhaps, to this day the most aristocratic community anywhere in the world. Judge then of the intensely dramatic situation which is created by the author of "The Voice of the People" in placing her hero in this community—a strong son of the soil, a man born of the neglected class, without

MISS ELLEN GLASGOW.

social standing, whose self-carved career leads to political success. Such a clash of democratic and aristocratic forces could nowhere be better found than in Williamsburgh.

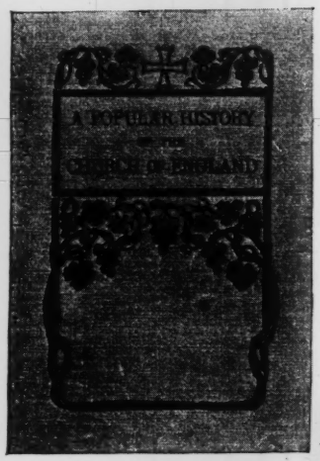
Miss Glasgow was born in Richmond, Virginia, just twenty-five years ago, and is of Scottish-Irish descent. She owes something to her peculiar bent in study as well as to heredity and temperament. From her sixteenth year she has pursued with an ardent passion the study of physical science and political economy, and her familiars in the book world are Spencer, Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, Romanes, Mill, Bagehot, Clifford, and Weissmann—a formidable array of names for one who has not neglected the social duties and lighter amenities of a young woman's life. Indeed, there could have been no greater surprise to Miss Glasgow's friends than was the discovery that she had written a novel, when in the spring of 1897 her first book, "The Descendant," was published. Her singular reticence deceived even the members of her own family, who were left in the dark until "The Descendant" was ready for publication.

"The Descendant" was published anonymously, and its marked traits of virility, vigour in characterisation, and its fearless handling of certain phases of life so deceived the critics that not one of them suspected the sex of the author. Not only were there unusual power and a love of beauty that lifted this book above the ordinary; its sympathy with

the mystery of pain and the tragedy of failure was remarkable in the work of one so young. "Phases of an Inferior Planet," her second novel, was a mixed source of pain and delight to her friends, and the critics were divided. But with the publication of "The Voice of the People," Miss Glasgow has not only reinstated herself, but has written a novel which is a distinct contribution to the literature and life of her country. The large circulation is not always awarded to the most deserving books, but in this instance it is certainly a great satisfaction to learn that although "The Voice of the People" has only been recently published, it is already in its twentieth thousand.

RECENT BOOK COVERS.

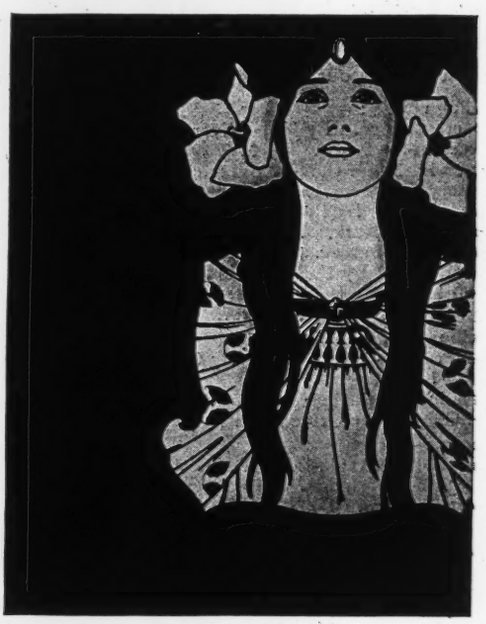
The design for the cover of the Bishop of Ripon's "Popular History of the Church of England," published by Mr. John Murray, is both neat and appropriate to the subject. It is executed in a dark blue ink on a pale grey linen.



Another cover that is the work of the same artist is that of Bret Harte's new novel, "From Pine to Sand Hill," published by Messrs. Pearson. It is carried out on a deep red cloth in blue, cream, and flesh colour by James Burn and Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Sands and Co. are issuing their Cheapest Books in the World Series with pictorial covers. The one we show is "Don Quixote." The design and engraving has been done by Messrs. Knights and Cottrell, and the binding, which is in pale green cloth, has the design stamped upon it in pink, grey, and black.

One of the most effective covers that we have seen for a long time is that of "His Lordship's Leopard," published by Mr. William Heinemann. It is a companion book to "Her Ladyship's Elephant," published last year. The cover is of the Nicholson School and is designed by Mr. W. Dacres Adams. The book is bound in Irish linen, the design being carried out in yellow and black, by James Burn and Co., Ltd.



Messrs. Greening and Co. are publishing "A Book of the Poster," a very effective cover for which has been designed by Mr. W. J. Rogers. It is carried out in flesh, mauve, and brown upon a grass green cloth, by Messrs. Allen, Gruneisen and Co., Ltd.

Mr. F. R. Kimborough has made a simple but effective design for Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Travels in England," published by Mr. Grant Richards. The design is worked in blue grey and dark green on an olive-green linen. The book is bound by Messrs. Straker and Sons.

The Reader.

MARK TWAIN.*

M-a-r-k three! . . . M-a-r-k three! . . . Quarter less three! . . . Half twain! . . . Quarter twain! . . . M-A-R-K TWAIN!—"Life on the Mississippi."

EVERY humourist suffers in greater or less degree from his reputation, and Mark Twain has had to pay many penalties for "The Innocents Abroad." It is hard enough for a humourist to live up—or down—to the expectations of his readers; it is harder still when the world refuses to regard him as anything but a professional "funny man," refuses to credit him with a serious thought, a genuine emotion; it is hardest of all when enterprising journalists proceed to compile his biography from his writings and after-dinner speeches. It is true that Mark Twain's books are full of autobiographical touches, and that you might construct a very fair biography of the author from his writings—if only you knew exactly at what points the historian merged into the humourist, where fact was lost in—judicious exaggeration. Which is impossible.

MARK TWAIN'S HOUSE AT HARTFORD.
From a photograph kindly supplied for this article by Mr. Clemens.

This, then, is the authentic life-story of probably the most widely read of all living authors.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born on November 30th, 1835, at Florida, Missouri. The name of Clemens had figured often in the history of the South, but his family had fled from the destitution of Tennessee, the country described by Mark Twain in "The Gilded Age" as enjoying a reputation like Nazareth "as far as turning out any good thing was concerned." Mark Twain's boyhood was spent at Hannibal, famous as the birthplace and scene of the wonderful exploits of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slave-holding" little town on the Mississippi. The place was admirably suited for the schooling of a student of humanity. In Mark Twain's boyhood, writes Mr. Howells, "the two embattled forces of civilisation and barbarism were encamped at Hannibal. The morality of the place was the morality of a slave-holding community, fierce, arrogant, one-sided—this virtue for white and that for black folks—and the religion was Calvinism in various phases." Mr. Clemens, senior, was himself a slave-holder, but one of the many who abhorred slavery and were "bulldozed" into silence, as the expressive phrase of the hour had it. The original Hannibal has long since been metamorphosed into a thriving city, and it is not the least of Mark Twain's claims to remembrance that he has reincarnated for all time the life of the American river town of his boyhood.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. CLEMENS' HARTFORD HOME.

* We have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for their kind permission to reproduce many of the portraits which accompany this article from their magnificent edition de luxe of the "Writings of Mark Twain," the publication of which they have just completed.

THE LIBRARY AT HARTFORD.

Of education in the ordinary sense of the word Mark Twain enjoyed little enough. His father died bankrupt in 1848, and young Clemens, like so many boys who have become famous in the world of letters, entered a printing office, and began his connection with literature by setting type. Three years were spent in the works of the *Hannibal Courier*, and references to the experiences of this time are to be found in several of Mark Twain's shorter sketches. At the age of fifteen the future author left his native town, and for two years wandered through the States as a journeyman printer, travelling as far east as Philadelphia and New York.

TWO VIEWS OF MARK TWAIN'S HOUSE AT HARTFORD.
From photos kindly supplied for this article by Mr. Clemens.

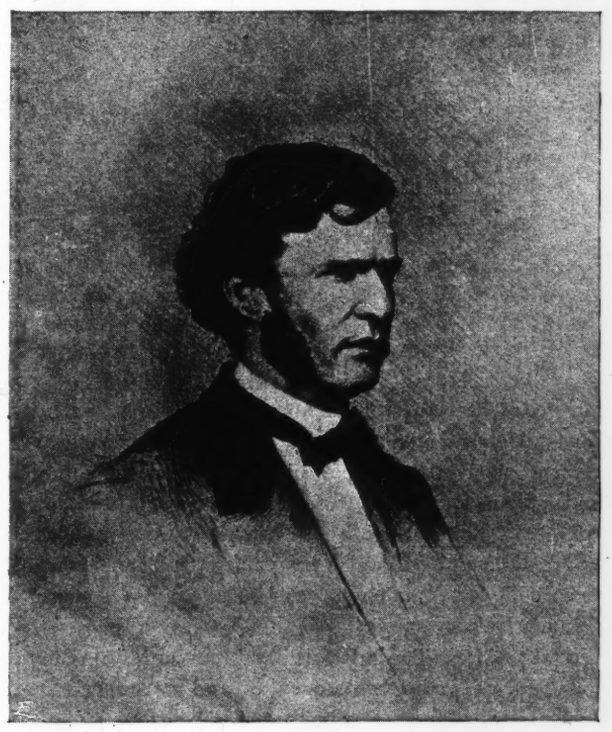
TWO EARLY PORTRAITS OF MARK TWAIN,
One taken when a "Cub Pilot" on the Mississippi, the second just before he left the river.

At seventeen he returned to Hannibal, and the glamour of the river seized him as it seized Tom Sawyer and, indeed, every boy in the town. How and with what infinite difficulty Mark Twain learned every inch of the river from St. Louis to New Orleans, how by dint of untiring perseverance he progressed from cub pilot to full-fledged steamboat pilot, how he chose the name by which he is known the world over, you may read in his delightful "Life on the Mississippi," the most accurately autobiographical of all his books and perhaps his own favourite among his writings. But he did more than "get the entire river by heart"; in that brief sharp schooling, as he himself says, he became personally and familiarly acquainted "with about all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography, or history." "Huckleberry Finn" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson" were the direct outcome of his experiences as a pilot, but every line Mark Twain has written is stamped with the intimate knowledge of American life and manners that came to him on the great Mississippi.

The outbreak of the Civil War brought to a sudden close Mark Twain's river career. For three weeks he served as a soldier of the South, but the unorganised force which he had joined, and which he has described so graphically, was quickly disbanded, and at twenty-five Mark Twain started for the far west as secretary to his brother who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada. He soon resigned the office and became a miner, living the strange life pictured in "Roughing It." He failed to "strike it rich" in the ordinary sense, but, writes Mr. Howells, "he had the Midas touch without knowing it, and all these grotesque experiences have since turned into gold under his hand." Up to this time his whole literary output con-

sisted of two or three satirical letters written while a pilot on the Mississippi, and signed with the name taken from the call of the leadsman which heads this article. But after his failure at the mines he drifted once more into the newspaper office, taking for a time the place of the local editor on the Virginia *Enterprise*, for which he wrote many columns of miscellaneous "local items" and the first series of those humorous sketches which carried the fame of his *nom de guerre* to San Francisco and "the coast." In 1864 he transferred his energies to the San Francisco *Morning Call*. Many are the legends connected with Mark Twain's journalistic experiences, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recorded how when he visited 'Frisco the men of the *Call* delighted to talk of the days when Mark Twain served his apprenticeship in their midst, of his splendid incapacity to write reports according to the needs of the day, of "how he would coil himself into a heap and meditate until the last minute and then produce copy bearing no sort of relationship with his legitimate work, copy which made the editor of the *Call* swear horribly and the readers of the *Call* ask for more." Mark Twain's sketches soon became the most popular feature of the paper, and he was asked to contribute to various periodicals. Two years later he sailed to the Sandwich Islands as special correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*, and several of the most entertaining chapters in "Roughing It" are founded upon the letters he sent to that paper.

In San Francisco, Mark Twain was the most conspicuous figure of a brilliant literary group which included Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, Charles Henry Webb, and Charles Warren



MARK TWAIN, AGED 27.

From a photograph taken soon after his experience as a Soldier of the South.

Stoddard, and "brilliantly co-operated to the early distinction" of a literary paper established by the coterie. In 1867 the *Alta California* arranged for Mark Twain to accompany the *Quaker City*, "the very beautiful and substantial side-wheel steamship" which had been chartered for one of the great pleasure excursions to Europe and the Holy Land, then a much discussed novelty in the States. The weekly letters describing this "picnic on a gigantic scale" were copied from the *Alta* by a number of papers and

THE

CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG

OF

CALAVERAS COUNTY,

And other Sketches.

BY MARK TWAIN.

EDITED BY JOHN PAUL.

New York:
C. H. WEBB, Publisher, 119 & 121, NASSAU ST.
AMERICAN NEWS CO., AGENTS.
1867.

The title page of Mark Twain's first book.

served as the foundation of "The Innocents Abroad," published in 1869, the book which brought Mark Twain fame and fortune.

Mark Twain had, however, already published his first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," through his friend Charles Henry Webb.

It was in the autumn of 1865 that Mark Twain heard the now famous story of the Jumping Frog, related as having actually happened at Angel's Camp in Calaveras County more than twenty-five years before. A few years ago, however, a friend of his, a Greek professor at Princeton, pointed out to him that the same story had been told in Greece two thousand years ago! In his book, "How to Tell a Story and other Essays," Mark Twain has himself given us a humorous account of how he attained fame through the Jumping Frog story and has pointed out the points of resemblance between his own and the Greek story-teller's version. But all this is so much better told in his own words:—

I used to tell the story of the Jumping Frog in San Francisco, and presently Artemus Ward came along and wanted it to help fill out a little book which he was about to publish; so I wrote it out and sent it to his publisher, Carleton; but Carleton thought the book had enough matter in it, so he gave the story to Henry Clapp as a present, and Clapp put it in his *Saturday Press*, and it killed that paper with a suddenness that was beyond praise. At least the paper died with that issue, and none but envious people have tried to rob me of the honour and credit of killing it. The "Jumping Frog" was the first piece of writing of mine that spread itself through the newspapers and brought me into public notice. Consequently, the *Saturday Press* was a cocoon and I the worm in it; also, I was the gay-coloured literary moth which its death set free. The simile has been used before.

And he goes on to say :

A year or two later Madame Blanc translated it into French and published it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but the result was not what should have been expected, for the *Revue* struggled along and pulled through and is alive yet. I think the fault must have been in the translation. I ought to have translated it myself. I think so, because I examined into the matter and finally re-translated the sketch from the French back into English, to see what the trouble was; that is, to see just what sort of a focus the French people got upon it. Then the mystery was explained. In French the story is too confused, and chaotic, and unreposeful, and ungrammatical, and insane; consequently it could only cause grief and sickness—it could not kill.

MARK TWAIN, 1868.
From a photo taken on his return from the trip to Europe on the *Quaker City*.

He then prints his re-translation—done literally, word for word, with all the masculine and feminine pronouns and adjectives and adverbs, without which it would not be "good French," but with which, as a specimen of English, it certainly is "confused, and chaotic, and unreposeful, and ungrammatical, and insane," or, as he says of one especially involved passage, "grammar gone to seed."

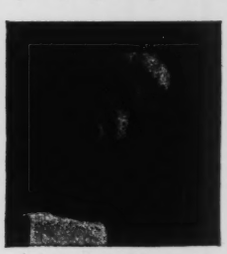
The original book is a sixteen mo, bound in purple cloth, with a gilt frog on the front cover. The title-page says that the book was edited by "John Paul," who was no other than Charles Henry Webb, well known in those days as the author of several humorous books, including *Liffith Lank*, a burlesque of Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*.

An edition was issued in paper covers, in London, the same year. The dedication of the book is as follows :

To
JOHN SMITH,
whom I have known in divers and sundry places about the world, and whose many and manifold virtues did always command my esteem, I
Dedicate this Book.

It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon
THE AUTHOR.

In a letter published for the first time in America a few months ago Mark Twain tells how he fully expected the "Jumping Frog" to sell 50,000 copies and it only sold 4,000; while he only expected the "Innocents" to sell 3,000 copies, when it astounded him by selling 85,000 within sixteen months.



Mark Twain lighting one of his famous black cigars. *From a snapshot.*

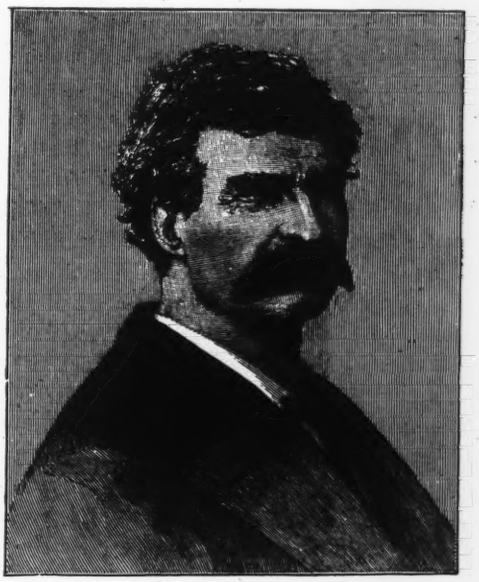
On his return Mark Twain "entered the lecture field," as the old phrase had it. His first appearance on the platform is dramatically described in "Roughing It," but I for one refuse to believe in the story of the three kindly friends he induced to sit in a prominent position in the hall to lead the applause. No such claque was or is needed when Mark Twain makes a speech. His method was, says Mr. Noah Brooks, who was present at his first attempt, distinctly unique and novel. "His slow, deliberate drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages of his word-painting, were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known." The drawl is as slow and deliberate now as it was in those early days in San Francisco, and it is not by any means confined to public speaking. It is characteristic of Mark Twain's every-day conversation. I do not know, after all, that it is quite a drawl. Mr. Clemens talks slowly and with a strong American twang, but the secret of his effectiveness is a long, very long pause in the middle of a sentence. Perhaps I can best illustrate the peculiarity by quoting a sentence which convulsed the

"M-A-R-K TWAIN!"

audience at one of his London lectures. He was talking about a high mountain he had come across in his travels "It is so cold that people who have been there find it impossible to speak the truth; I know that's a fact (here a pause, a blank stare, a shake of the head, a little stroll across the platform, a sigh, a puff, a smothered groan), because—I've—(another pause)—been—(a longer pause)—there myself."

In 1870 Mark Twain married and took up his residence at Buffalo, where he became editor and part proprietor of the *Express*. A year later he moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where, except for two years spent in a second visit to Europe, he lived until he started for his lecturing tour round the world some three years ago. By Mr. Clemens' kind permission I am enabled to publish some of his photographs of his beautiful home at Hartford. The billiard room in which many of his novels were written is on the third storey at the corner of the house. Another favourite

place for writing was a little out-door lodge built for him at Quarry Farm, Elmira, New York. Mark Twain's habits of literary work have always been "something between



MARK TWAIN, CIRC. 1875.
From a photo taken about the time of the publication of "Tom Sawyer."

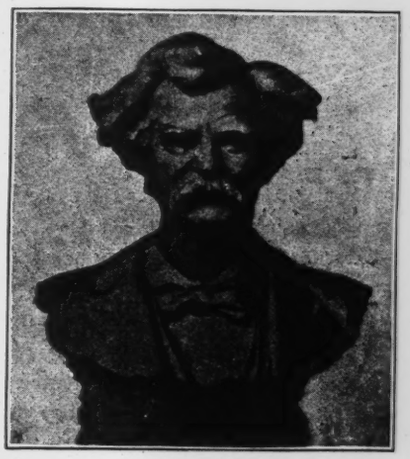
regular and irregular." He does not boast that he can write so many words per diem; on the other hand, he does not depend greatly on moods. Once started on a task, he usually concentrates his energies upon it until it is completed.

In 1872 Mark Twain wrote the history of his early experiences in "Roughing It at Home and Abroad," and a year later published his first novel, "The Gilded Age," written in conjunction with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. It was in this book that the world first made acquaintance with Colonel Mulberry Sellers, and the fact that an innumerable host of Americans have claimed to be the original of that character is proof enough that Mark Twain's sense of humour has not prevented him from producing life-like portraits.

MARK TWAIN AS A LECTURER.

Mark Twain's subsequent record must be known to every reader of THE BOOKMAN, and I need only give a catalogue of his books in chronological order. "Tom Sawyer," based on the experiences of his boyhood, was issued in 1875, and in the same year a number of his sketches and articles were collected from various magazines. In 1880 was published "A Tramp Abroad," recording the adventures of himself and family during a two years' journey to Europe. Another volume of short stories, "The Stolen White Elephant," the first of his historical novels, "The Prince and Pauper," and "Life on the Mississippi," followed in quick succession. In 1884 appeared his masterpiece, "Huckleberry Finn." Between 1886 and the present day some ten new works have come from his pen: "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" (which, by the way, was rather severely criticised in this country as being an attack on British characteristics and institutions), "Merry Tales," "The Million Pound Banknote and Other Stories," "The American Claimant," "Tom Sawyer Abroad," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Joan of Arc," first published anonymously in *Harper's Magazine*, "Following the Equator," an account of the lecturing tour round the world in 1897, and a collection of literary essays, "How to Tell a Story." A new volume of stories—"The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg"—is announced for publication in a few weeks.

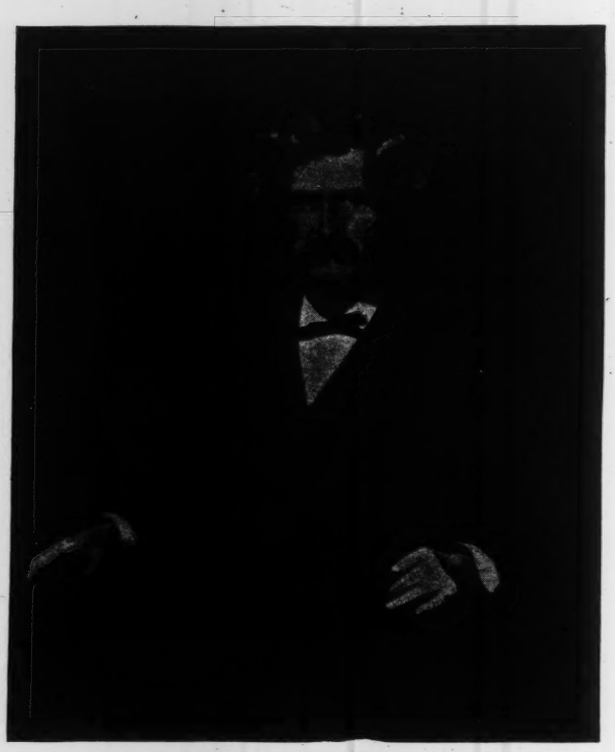
For many years Mr. Clemens was probably the most prosperous man of letters in the United States, if not in the world. But about five years ago, when he had reached the time of life at which most men begin to think of rest, he lost everything, and was saddled with a heavy burden of debt by the failure of the publishing house of C. L. Webster and Company, of New York, of which he was the founder and chief partner. For a time the business had flourished exceedingly. It was Mark Twain's firm that paid the great sum of £90,000 to Grant's widow for his "Personal Memoirs," and made a handsome profit on the undertaking. There followed, however, a succession of hard years, and although Mr. Clemens devoted all his energy to reviving the business, his efforts were unavailing. With really magnificent courage, Mark Twain immediately set to work once more with what he calls his "pot-boiling pen" in order that every debt might be paid in full. More fortunate than Scott, he has lived to enjoy his triumph. Every creditor of C. L. Webster and Company has received 100 cents in the dollar. The early life of the author of "Huckleberry Finn" is one unbroken record of victory over circumstance, but the conflict of these latter years was even harder, the triumph even greater. It is impossible to pay too high tribute to the author who begins afresh the battle of life at the age of sixty—and wins.



MARK TWAIN.
From a bust by Theresa Feodorowna Ries, a Russian sculptor to whom Mr. Clemens sat in Vienna.

Of late years Mark Twain has lived in this country and on the Continent. For a time he made his residence in Vienna, and his audience with the Emperor of Austria, and the story of the elaborate German speech he forgot to

deliver (a story that has, I believe, the most minute foundation) will be fresh in every memory. This summer he has



MARK TWAIN, 1891.
From the painting by Charles Noel Flagg.

spent at Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's house on Dollis Hill, but he is planning to pass the winter in New York and return to Hartford next spring. He has one or two new books in preparation, and is working steadily at his pet scheme of a portrait gallery of his contemporaries, which is to be published one hundred years after his death. In many respects the work will be unparalleled in the history of literature. It will consist of descriptions of the men and women with whom he has been brought into personal contact, written with the single object of telling the whole truth, without malice and at the same time without respect of persons or social conventions. In Mr. Clemens' opinion a work of this kind is only possible under the conditions he has laid down for himself. A book that is not to be published for a century gives, he explains, the writer a freedom he could secure in no other way. It is only under these conditions that you can draw a man's portrait without prejudice, and yet have no fear of hurting his feelings or those of his sons or grandsons. A book published a hundred years hence containing honest and truthful portraits of monarchs, politicians, bootblacks, and shoemakers, of all the infinitely varied views of humanity with which Mark Twain has come in contact in the course of his long and active career, must be of greatest value to posterity. During the rest of his life Mr. Clemens means to produce a new portrait of old or new acquaintances whenever one comes vividly before his mind. The one passport to a place in his gallery is that the man or woman should have excited his interest. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the preservation of the manuscript and for its publication when the time comes.

But there is little satisfaction in dwelling on this scheme, for one grudges the book to posterity. That the portraits will be well and faithfully drawn, no one who has read Mark Twain's books can have any doubt. The author of "Huckleberry Finn" is much more than a humourist. It is not a small thing to give hearty, healthy, wholesome amusement, as Mark Twain has done, to hundreds of thousands, and to say that he has in some degree failed to take his rightful place in the literary history of the century on account of the popularity of the purely "comic" element in his work is not in any way to belittle his extravagant and audacious humour. He is the true historian of the America of the middle years of the century, and as such he will live. As Mr. Brander Matthews says in the admirable preface to the new edition de luxe of Mark Twain's collected writings, to which I am indebted for many of the facts and portraits in this article, he is the embodiment of Americanism, his books the voice of the national spirit. "Self-educated in the hard school of life, he has gone on broadening his outlook as he has grown older. Spending many years abroad, he has come to understand other nationalities without enfeebling his own native faith. Combining a mastery of the commonplace with an imaginative faculty, he is a practical idealist. No respecter of persons, he has a tender regard for his fellowmen. Irreverent toward all outward superstitions, he has ever revealed the deepest respect for all things truly worthy of reverence. He has a habit of standing upright, of thinking for himself, and of hitting hard at whatsoever seems to him hateful and mean; but at the

MARK TWAIN, 1898.
From the painting by Spiridon.

core of him there is genuine gentleness and honest sympathy, brave humanity and sweet kindliness."

That is the Mark Twain who will live in the pages of "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," and "Life on the Mississippi."

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

(Illustrated by Photographs specially taken for this article.)

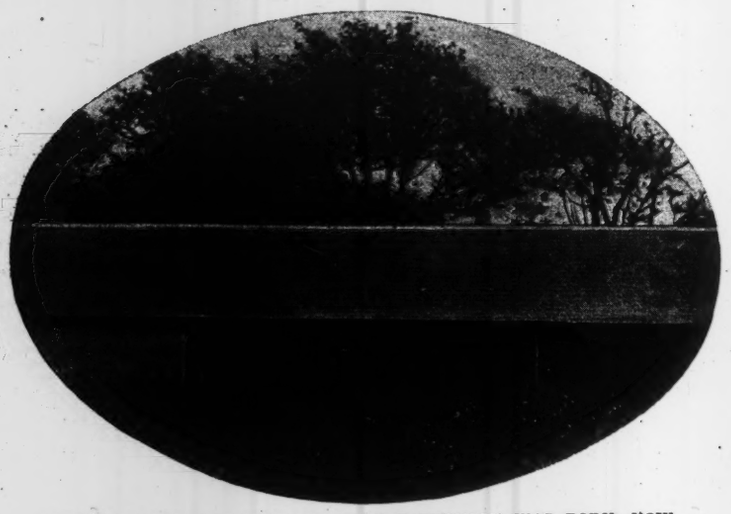
THE recent celebration of the bi-centenary of James Thomson's birth, held at Ednam in Roxburghshire, his native place, by the Edinburgh Border Counties' Association, suggests the idea of a review of the poet's work, with the object of noting, so far as may be, the sense in which time has of late been dealing with that work. And, for all intents and purposes, Thomson's work is, of course, *The Seasons*. His *Castle of Indolence* may be still occasionally read; whilst, on the strength of internal evidence, Dr. Morel, in a critical biography which may well be accounted final, now definitely assigns to him the authorship of "Rule, Britannia!" Still for the world at large he remains the author of a single book. Let us glance at that little book, which justified Hazlitt, writing in or shortly before 1818, in calling Thomson "the most popular of all our poets";—that little book the finding of which, in a shabby cover, on the window-seat of an obscure inn, caused a competent authority to exclaim that this was "true fame." "Pity the reputations of the day before yesterday," cried one, strong in the confidence and the cruelty of youth. But, before all is said and done, I hope to show that the remark, as applied to this case, is still very far from appropriate.

THE VILLAGE OF EDNAM, BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET.

Thomson's was a poetic mind set in an age of prose. If not the most accomplished, he was at least the most poetic verse-maker of his day. And that day was a difficult one for a poet wishing to deal with the higher matters of verse. Let me illustrate this by an anecdote gathered from the history of a sister art. The name of Benjamin West is not one which we should now associate with any great activity in the work of breaking free from trammels of convention. And yet we read that when West contemplated painting his *Death of General Wolfe*, and it became known that he purposed to attire the characters in the dress of 1759, no less a man than Reynolds called upon him expressly to protest against an innovation so daring. For heretofore it had been the invariable custom to present the figures in historical paintings either nude or in the classical costume. West had, however, sufficient strength of mind to disregard Reynolds's remonstrance. His picture proved a great success, and is said, in Woollett's plate, to have had the largest sale of any modern engraving. Reynolds, when he saw the result, acknowledged himself converted to the painter's views; but even after this, James Barry represented the same subject with all the figures nude. The *Death of Wolfe* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771, Thomson having died some twenty-three years earlier. How much greater, then, must have been the power of effete convention, and of false classicism, against which the poet at the outset of his career found himself called upon to fight!

Let us admit at the outset that his victory over these things was to the end a very imperfect one. It is plain to-day to readers of his poem that he is hampered by academic considerations: a care for "dignity" and for classical locution; artificial laws of composition; faithfulness to his model Virgil's Georgics. His learning, which was respectable, did not sit quite lightly upon him. "Protended spear," "turgent film," "concoctive sun," are harsh Latinisms; as is his "Ceres without pain" for a labourless harvest. His phrase, too, is often overcharged; his style is too much of an *olla*; he gives us now Shakspearian and Miltonic lines, and now passages—such as his theory of frost in *Winter*, or of springs returning to their sources in *Autumn*—which are distinctly Lucretian. He does not dare to be quite frank and plain. If he had done so, his own age would not have understoood such conduct in a serious poet. It was reserved for the De Quinceys and other early admirers of Wordsworth to do that. The result is that, as a poet of nature, he lacks the primary quality of simplicity. And yet, as a matter of fact, his taste all along was for things homely, and it is his homelier passages which have best withstood the injuries of time.

Criticism has accepted the fact that Thomson was at his best in description. Now, at the date when he began to write, descriptive poetry was discredited. Horace had long since poked fun at the mawkish and redundant descriptions of "a grove and altar to Diana, and the windings of a river hastening between pleasant fields" of the poetasters of his



THE REMAINS OF THE MANSE WHERE THOMSON WAS BORN, NOW INCORPORATED IN THE BUILDINGS OF A FARM-STEADING.

own day (*De Arte Poetica*, 16, 17), whilst Pope was even now asking satirically,

"Who could take offence,
While pure Description held the place of Sense?"

But Thomson, so far, had the courage of his genius. His descriptive passages must, however, be divided into two classes. The less interesting class is that in which he versifies—often ably and poetically, as must be allowed—the results of his reading of books of travel. To this belong the pictures of Lapland and Siberia in the *Winter*; those of tropical countries in the *Summer*. But it is by the far more delightful passages, in which, with eye or memory fixed directly on the object, he faithfully puts before us, first, the aspects of nature and the changes of the atmosphere; secondly, the scenes and incidents of rural life; it is by these passages, unless I am mistaken, that *The Seasons* still lives and will continue to live. As an example of the former, take the sequence (*Spring*, 142 206) which describes the blowing of the south wind, the stillness before rain, the falling of a gentle rain, the sun breaking through clouds at evening, the rainbow. Of the latter, the description of angling (*Spring*, 401-439), or the succeeding "angler's repose"; of the shepherd keeping his sheep beside an ancient camp (827-845), or of sheep-shearing, sheep-washing, hay-making—the last-named incidents, which, except in the prose of Thomas Hardy's first pastoral romance, have probably never before or since been set before us in so fresh and life-like a style. In Thomson's day, however, the elaboration of this "sentiment of the country" was something quite new in our literature. That the sentiment existed in the Elizabethans, there is an abundance of scattered evidence. It is found, also, in the earlier prose of Walton, as, later, in that of White of Selborne. Thomson's distinction is that he first sufficiently delighted in it to make of it the main subject of his song. In a word, he it was who *revealed the country* to Englishmen, nay, to Europeans, in no less a degree than Byron's *Childe Harold* revealed the poetry of travel. That he should have done so in the age of Pope and Swift, of Prior and of the author of *Trivia*, makes his achievement the more remarkable.

To his pictures of the country, Thomson linked something of that traditional country lore which is none the less delightfully poetic because often eminently unscientific. It is rare, however, that he falls into positive error—as he does in the passage on the swallows, where he shows us those migrants,

"rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats . . ."

Even in this instance, he errs in the excellent company of White. It must not, however, be supposed that his landscapes are deserts, peopled only by the brute creation. Without reference to the admirable narrative of his interpolated stories, it may be said that few poets, if any, have shown greater power in the treatment of "abstractions"—of those abstract human figures, that is, in which the Eighteenth Century specially excelled, and which it also occasionally abused. In proof of which excellence of Thomson's, it is enough to cite the example of the Lover (*Spring*), or the Castaway (*Summer*, l. 939 et seq). But his landscapes are, indeed, not less abstract than his figures; whence it comes about that of the sentiment of specific locality he shows nothing. The description of the view from Richmond Hill is formal and frigid, comparing poorly with the prose of Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*; whilst his Hagley Park is a mere "complimentary piece." Also, in the whole of *The Seasons*, there occur but three of the place-names of that Border Country where his youth was spent—the names, Cheviot, Tweed, and Jed. What a contrast to the verse of his fellow-Borderers of seventy years later, Scott and Leyden, who, had *they* written *Seasons*, would have given us Winter among the hills of Ettrick Forest, and Autumn in the wooded dale of Tweed! Borderers might have preferred this course, but Thomson's method was the true one for the purpose which he had in

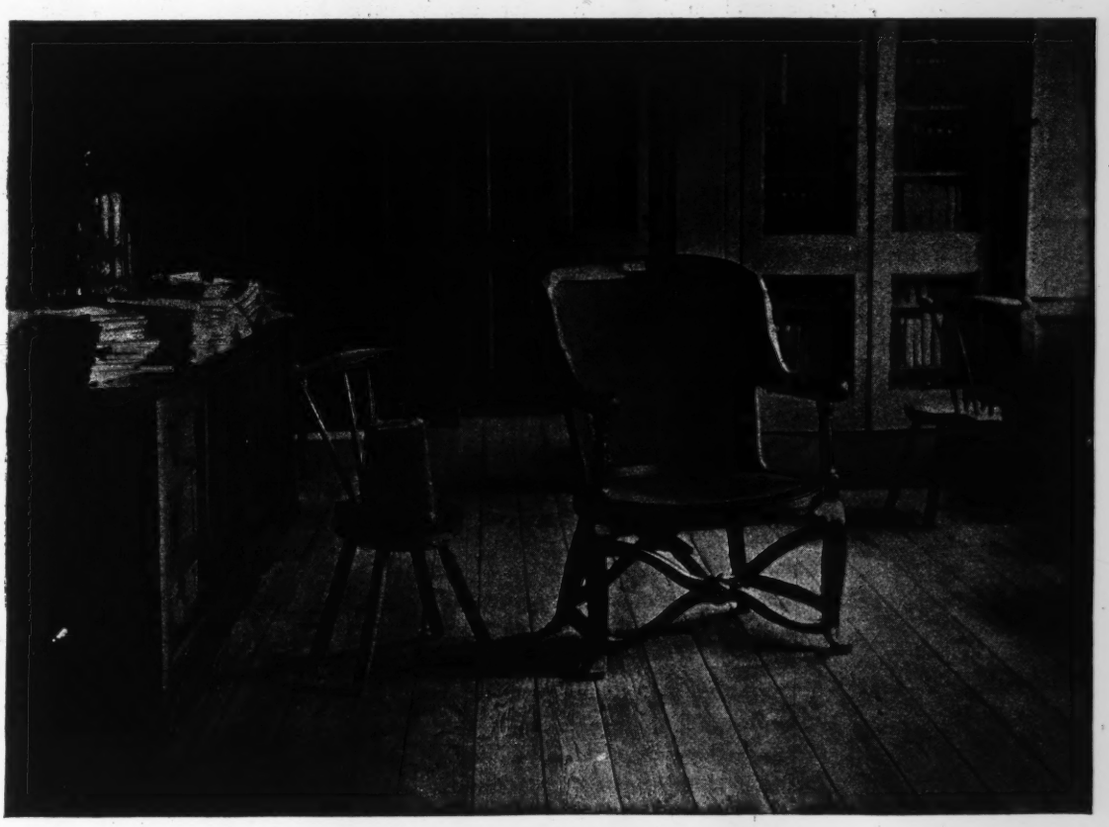
PORTRAIT OF THE POET FROM AN AUTHENTIC MINIATURE PRESERVED IN EDNAM MANSE.

view. And, whilst touching specially upon the work of poets reared on the Border, it may be pointed out that perhaps nothing better illustrates the gulf between the early and the late Eighteenth Century than the fact that Thomson, whose boyhood was spent at the village where the Scots assem-

bled before Otterburn, makes not one allusion to chivalry.

To sum up: Thomson not only gave us *The Seasons*, but by doing so pointed out to poets who came after him—some of whom were greater than he—the way back to nature from artificiality. As for his philosophy, for those who in the present day have acknowledged once and for all that the truths of science and religion cannot be co-ordinated, that philosophy is obsolete. For Thomson wished to see in the wonders of Nature but so many proofs of the divine beneficence, and to trace all pain and evil in the world to man's wrong-doing—a labour which is shown to be fruitless as soon as we are confronted with the question, in what manner is man's sin responsible for the way in which a hawk gets its breakfast? But, recognising that we deceive ourselves if we say we know the Unknown, we may yet be content to fall back on the belief that the unknown God is a more mysterious and more wonderful Being than any religion has yet revealed, or any philosopher yet dreamed. Thomson's thought in this respect was the thought of his time. His faults of style were the faults of the sham Augustan Age in which he lived, and above which he had not strength at every point to rise. But his virtues, and especially his love of Nature, were his own.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.



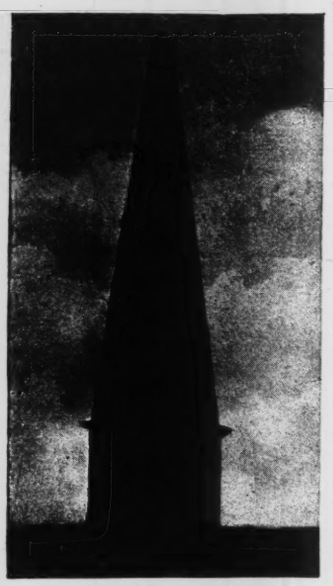
THE POET'S CHAIR, PRESERVED IN KELSO MUSEUM.

A GENERATION OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

IV.—WORKERS FOR PUBLISHERS.

MY friend Alexander—universally known in his wide circle as "Pat Alexander"—was, at heart and in head, much more of a man of letters than a journalist. He was as great a connoisseur in style as Professor Raleigh of Glasgow, though in a different way. That conscientious critic, the late James Ashcroft Noble, found in Alexander Smith the pioneer of Robert Louis Stevenson. But if he had read carefully the admirable memoir which, as I have already said, Alexander prefixed to the "Last Leaves," he would, I think, have found in his second hero's biographer some at least of the germs of Stevenson. So his chief friendships in Edinburgh, as they had been in Glasgow, were with men of books, if not of letters. I should say his closest friend of all must have been Principal Tulloch. But then Tulloch, of necessity, spent the bulk of his time in St. Andrews, and the two must have met each other only at intervals. And there were not so many men of letters in Edinburgh for him to meet; and some of them, such as Skelton, for whom he had an undoubted, though limited, admiration, were generally busy with their "official" life. Literary men were to make their appearance again in Edinburgh with Robert Louis Stevenson at their head. But they came to be known only as Alexander was getting into years. I am not certain that he ever met Stevenson. But I remember having a talk with him shortly after the Essay on Burns appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. He was loud and emphatic in its dispraise. "It requires a *man* to understand Burns. This is not a *man*, but a clever, conceited invalid of an Edinburgh advocate that knows nothing of life. The idea of *him* patronising and pitying Burns!" But Alexander may, for all I know to the contrary, have met Stevenson subsequently and altered his opinion.

One ghastly Saturday night in a miserable January, when the streets were a mess of slush and the air was laden with neuralgia, I painfully ascended the stairs that led to Alexander's rooms, and found myself in a mixed company assembled to enjoy a modest but comfortable supper composed mainly of those "rizzared haddocks" which, in the case of Professor Wilson, Carlyle anathematised in a fashion perhaps too Covenanterish in its severity. I remember the night and still more its general feeling of neuralgia well, because one of the company was, on account of it, so muffled up that I cannot even now recall his features, though they were those of a man then well known in Edinburgh circles—John Carmichael, one of the classical masters of the High School. The company was mixed, I have said; it included two stout, clean-shaven lawyers, with pleasant Cheeryble Brother faces, who were, I afterwards ascertained, golfing friends of their host, and were ready to explode with laughter on the smallest provocation. But the majority belonged to the under-woodsmen of Scottish literature, the workers for the Edinburgh publishers. There was the excellent and erudite Dr. Andrew Findlater, chief of the editors in the establishment of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, long of nose and of body, an Aberdonian of the Aberdonians, the friend of Grote, Mill, and the still ever-green emeritus-professor and emeritus-rector Dr. Bain, endowed with a head that was an arsenal of facts and a heart that was as that of a little child. There was his assistant in the editorship of the first edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, the bright, restless, comfortably but not too egotistically confident John Merry Ross, afterwards to become English Master in the High School, the author of a sound critical estimate of early Scottish literature, and an encyclopædia editor on his own account, and finally to die of trying, between teaching and writing, to work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. There were other men whose names I cannot recall. Finally, there was a stout man with a thick head of hair and beard and the kindest expression in the world, whom Alexander introduced me to with all gravity as the Very Reverend David Herbert. This was a standing joke with Alexander. I remember that at a private dinner given to a friend of all three of us on the occasion of his going to a post in London, "Pat" was asked to propose and Herbert to reply to the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations." Alexander acquitted himself of his task thus, "Gentlemen, I have to ask you to drink 'The Clergy of all Denominations.' The toast could not by any possibility have been placed in better hands, for I, who propose it, am a layman of no denomination, and the clergyman who is to respond to it is a clergyman of all denominations." As a matter of fact Herbert was theologically, though in no other sense, a rolling-stone. He had been trained for—if I remember rightly—the Congregational Church in England. But he drifted into Edinburgh, into tutoring, into writing literary notices for newspapers, and into doing hack work for publishers. Being a well-educated and capable man he did everything he put his hand to more than passably well. With the simplest of tastes and dispositions, he led a happily domesticated life in a cosy little flat; many a pleasant chat I have had with him on Scottish history and Predestination. He never ceased to take an interest in theology; he believed in what he called "religious development," and he marked every stage in his own by taking orders in a fresh Church. I think he was in his time both a United Presbyterian and a Free Church minister. Happening a few years after leaving Edinburgh to be in Hawick of a Sunday I wandered into an Established church. The pulpit was filled, and well filled, by Herbert, who preached—over the heads of the congregation, I fear—on the necessity for religious development. We renewed our acquaintance in the evening; he talked the flattest and most enthusiastic Erastianism I ever listened to.



MONUMENT TO THOMSON NEAR EDNAM.
(See The Author of "The Seasons," by Sir George Douglas).

Eight was the hour for supper; at a quarter-past eight Alexander said, "I never knew the old gentleman late before." At that moment the bell rang, Alexander went into the lobby, and we heard the sounds of coat-removing. "Why so late, friend?" "Proofs, my boy, proofs!" "What—that secret still of yours still at work?", a suppressed whole-body shaking—what Scotch people used to call "hottering"—laugh, and "Yes—still at work!" And then there entered a spare gentleman of medium height, clerical appearance, and ruddy face, with shoulders slightly bent—by his sedentary occupation, not the weight of nearly seventy years. His black stock and scrupulously clean black "surtout"—we had no frockcoats in these days, or at any rate did not call them by that name—seemed to contrast strangely with the bottle carefully wrapped up in brown paper which he held in his right hand. He unwrapped it, planted it on the table with an emphatic "There!" went through the "hottering" performance till he grew purple and then collapsed into the chair which had been placed for him. And thus I first came to know "the old gentleman," otherwise "the old Grecian," otherwise the Rev. William Veitch, LL.D., author of "Greek Irregular Verbs," the profoundest grammarian and the simplest soul in Scotland. His action may seem suggestive of Bohemia; the bottle he produced undoubtedly contained very old whisky. He was not a Bohemian, however, but the reverse. He produced a bottle whenever he went out to supper as a tribute at once to that respectability which used a quarter of a century ago for all practical purposes to mean moderate drinking and to his own self-respect as one that "owed not any man." A confirmed bachelor, he never gave suppers, but he provided such as gave them with the necessary liquor. Out of respect for the old Grecian they took of his bottle—and took nothing else. The Shepherd of the "Noctes" would not have considered as serious drinking a bottle divided among fifteen men. It would have been

considered moderate even in these days when the Sir Andrew Clarke "thimbleful-of-whisky-last-thing-at-night-and-nothing-through-the-day" threatens to become a middle-class superstition. Like Erasmus, Veitch had his rules in matters of this kind, but unlike Erasmus—or at any rate the Erasmus who in his hours of depression took to confessing his peccadilloes but not his sins—he never relaxed his. He ate and drank to please himself, but nobody else; he never knew what a headache was; influenza did not trouble him; he reached the nineties, when he died simply because there was no particular necessity for his living any longer. It was supposed to have been the disappointment of his life that Blackie and not he was elected Professor of Greek in Edinburgh. If he felt this disappointment he did not show or speak of it. Perhaps he never attained "a position worthy of him." But he was happy, and as he had what used to be called "a little money of his own," the wolf never came near his door. He coached young University men—and sometimes, it was whispered, University professors—and read proofs for the Clarendon Press in the winter. For a short time in summer he migrated to a delightful little cottage within the glamour of the Eildon Hills, which was kept by a sister about as old and well-preserved and polite as himself, who looked as if she ought to have had an arm-chair in one of Mrs. Oliphant's novels. Greek was Veitch's specialty. But he knew Latin quite as well. I assisted him in getting published a lengthy and minute criticism of Dr. William Smith's Latin Dictionary. For once the old gentleman lapsed into the Rabelaisian vein. How he "hottered" when he read to me in print his comment on a dubious dative! "Really, Dr. Smith must not palm off one of his Lower Empire bastards upon us as a legitimate descendant of Cicero." Dr. Smith, one of the most sensible of men, asked Veitch to help him with a new edition of his dictionary. The old gentleman declined, because he had no time. It was the proudest moment of his life.

Being Scotsmen, we spent that evening in vigorously characterising other Scotsmen who were not present. But we were not very bitter—even against publishers. Veitch said little, but listened much. Ross strove to be epigrammatic, and generally succeeded. The bulk of the talking was done by Findlater, who was always informing and fair, and by Alexander who was always shrewd and good-humoured, and never too cynical. The most brilliant talker was John Carmichael behind his muffler; with better health and greater ambition that man ought to have been a Scottish Bentley. How Veitch "hottered" when he described Blackie as "a healthy-minded acrobat who tried to be a Scottish Socrates"! Finally, he gave us marvellous imitations of some of the prominent Edinburgh men of the day—Guthrie, Candlish, Begg, Lee, finally Alexander himself. The laugh of the Cheeryble Brothers was ready chorus. We left at half-past eleven; it was the elders' hour; we were in the elders' frame of mind; we had finished off everybody and everything, including the old gentleman's indubitably "modest quencher." The moon shone out in cold and merciless serenity as I walked across the Bridges in the company of the younger Cheeryble. It transfigured the Old Town, but it chilled me to the heart with the tragedy of the Stewart dynasty. Of that company I alone survive. The younger Cheeryble had his last laugh six months ago. He laughed as the man that wins. For he lived till eighty-two, left £60,000, no enemies, and no scandals behind him, and kept to the last the secret—if there was any—of his anonymous and well-spent life. DELTA.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. William Curtayne Sullivan, editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, which took place last month at the comparatively early age of forty-four. Though of Irish family, Mr. Sullivan was born in Birmingham, and educated at King Edward's School in that city. He left school, however, at the age of fifteen to become a junior reporter on the *Birmingham Gazette*. The profession was well chosen, for Mr. Sullivan possessed the gifts of quick perception, literary taste, readiness of resource, and steady industry, all of which are so essential to journalistic success. In 1879 he became a reporter upon the *Daily Mail*, under Mr. H. J. Jennings, the original editor of that paper, and through sheer ability became before long first chief reporter and then assistant editor. His work on this paper was always marked by a brightness and thoroughness which were fully appreciated; and upon the retirement of Mr. Jennings, in 1888, the proprietors at once appointed Mr. Sullivan as his successor. His influence, both privately and through his paper, was always well used and widely felt, and many benevolent schemes owe much of their success to his ready help.

The new editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* is Mr. G. Hadyn Bywater. Mr. Bywater, who is twenty-seven years of age, gained his first experience of journalism on Wolverhampton papers. When, by the death of Mr. W. J. Jamieson, two years and a half ago, the position of assistant-editor of the *Mail* became vacant, Mr. Bywater, who a few weeks before had come to fill a subordinate position on the reporting staff, and had already given evidence of conspicuous literary ability, was offered the post. Mr. Sullivan's long illness threw upon Mr. Bywater responsibilities which he discharged with such satisfaction to the proprietor that there was no hesitation in giving him the place rendered vacant by the death of his chief.

A wedding of interest to a considerable section of journalistic London took place at Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill, S.W., on August 15th, when Mr. Henry Leach, a prominent member of the staff of Messrs. Harmsworth Bros., Ltd., was married to Miss Jessie Clara Woollan, only daughter of the late Capt. Minors Woollan, of Horsham, Sussex, and of Mrs. Woollan, Tulse Hill. Mr. T. Artemus Jones, a well-known member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, acted as best man.

The annual summer picnic in connection with the East Midlands District of the Institute of Journalists held recently was most enjoyable. Members and friends proceeded from Victoria Station (Great Central), Nottingham, to Loughborough, whence they drove in brakes to Charnwood Forest. At the Monastery of St. Bernard a halt was made, and the gentlemen of the party were conducted through the building. Continuing the drive (the route extending over twenty-five miles), the party eventually arrived at the Manor House Hotel, Quorn. A meeting of the District took place on the lawn, but the only business transacted was the appointment of Messrs. A. G. Smith (F) and A. J. Woolrych (F) as delegates to conference, and the nomination of Mr. Richard Ivens (F) as a vice-president of the Institute.

Mr. E. Elliott, chief reporter of Porri's News Bureau, Grimsby, is vacating his post to enter the Baptist ministry.

Mr. James Bannatyne, late of the *Glasgow Herald*, has been appointed editor of the *Dumfries Courier and Herald*.

Mr. Ernest Outhwaite, chief reporter of the *North Eastern Daily Gazette*, has joined the literary staff of the *Leeds Mercury*.

The death is announced of Mr. William Smith, who was for many years a member of the reporting staff of the *Irish Times*.

Mr. Josiah Beeching, editor of the *Kent Times and Chronicle*, died last month, aged fifty-six.

Mr. Robert Alty, managing editor of the *Halifax Guardian*, and formerly a Blackpool journalist, died last month. He was buried at Lytham.

The *Middlesbrough Evening Telegraph* has suspended publication.

Mr. S. Watkins has been appointed sub-editor of the *Lincolnshire Echo* in succession to Mr. Muir.

Mr. W. H. Toulmin, formerly of the *Sheffield Independent*, has joined the literary staff of the *Lancashire Daily Post and Preston Guardian*.

Mr. F. Blanchard has severed his connection with the *Boston Independent*.

Mr. Frank North, of the *Lincoln Leader*, has been appointed reporter on the staff of the *Lincolnshire Echo*.

Mr. John B. Mackie, son of the late Mr. W. S. Mackie, who was for a short time editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, died on August 17th, at Great Malvern, aged 27. He was on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Mr. C. H. Cook ("John Bickerdyke") has been appointed by the proprietors of the *Field* to the editorship of the angling department of that journal.

Mr. J. G. Layman, who was for fifty years proprietor of the *North Devon Journal*, died at Barnstaple, on August 20th, aged 87.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Joseph Hamil, formerly in the Paisley branch office of the *North British Daily Mail*, has joined the reporting staff of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

IRELAND.

The annual excursion of the literary staffs of the *Cork Press* took place in July. The locality chosen was Graball Bay, at the entrance of the Harbour.

ISLE OF MAN.

The reporting staff of the *Isle of Man Examiner* has been strengthened, it having been joined by Mr. Garland, formerly of the *Manx Sun*.

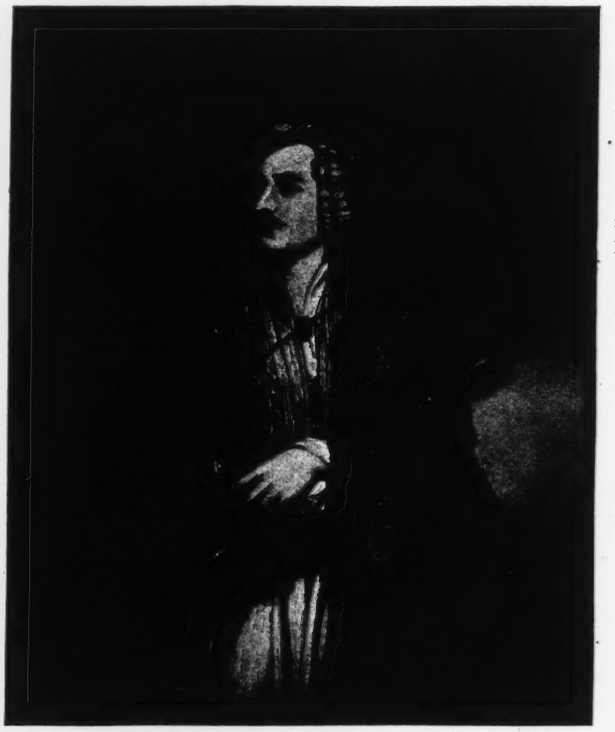
Mr. T. H. Thorpe, formerly a member of the *Manx Sun* reporting staff, has removed from the island to Lytham. He takes with him the hearty wishes for his success in life of all Manx pressmen, by whom he was much esteemed.

Steps are being taken to secure the Isle of Man's constitution as a district of the Institute of Journalists, and already a large majority of the journalists of the island have agreed to join the district should it be formed. At present the island is a sub-district of the Liverpool district.

NEW BOOKS.

BYRON'S POEMS AND LETTERS.*

The third volume of the standard edition of Byron's poetical works, including his poetical production, less "Childe Harold," from 1809 to 1816, contains alike the poems which were received with most enthusiasm by his contemporaries, and those which, in connection with the circumstances to which they refer, did most to expose him to popular obloquy. "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and "Lara," in themselves and in their influence on the world and the poet, are justly characterised by Shelley when he says, "He touched the chord to which a million hearts responded, and the coarse music which he produced to please them, disciplined him to the perfection to which he now approaches." On the first appearance of these poems they were inevitably judged by a false standard of comparison. Wordsworth and Coleridge had not yet gained a hearing; Shelley and Keats did not exist for the public; and their evident superiority to the only contemporary productions with which they could be compared, the then amazingly popular metrical romances of Walter Scott, seemed to entitle them to a very high place. We have since learned that the age produced poetry of a higher order, and the real merits of these truly impassioned performances have been unjustly disparaged by comparison with excellence of another kind. Perhaps, nevertheless, the most profitable use to which they can now be put is that of comparison with Byron's later achievements in the same style, "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," also included in this volume. The great superiority of these latter evinces the rapid progress of Byron's mind, which about 1815 entered upon a period of development destined to carry him as far beyond "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" as these are beyond "The Corsair." This is an incontestable proof of the genuineness of his poetical endowment; mere affectation does not develop, or develops in the wrong direction.



BYRON IN ALBANIAN COSTUME.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray, the owner of the original.

The most interesting pieces in this volume are nevertheless the little group of poems on the separation from Lady Byron, which exercised so important an influence on Byron's career by helping to set him at war with society. We must thank the scribblers who assailed him and them for "Don Juan" and "The Vision of Judgment." Mr. Coleridge has rendered a great service to Byron's personal and literary history by tracing out the ramifications of the attacks upon him in the journals of the day. He attributes this extraordinary outburst of malevolence to political rancour, which had no doubt its share, but sheer envy, we suspect, had a larger. We wish it were possible to attribute, with Mr. Coleridge, Wordsworth's shrewish virulence to so comparatively respectable a motive as political animosity, but it is too clear that the inspiration was not of anger, but of envy. Blind in his fancied triumph, Wordsworth does not see that the negligences on which he fastens with such unseemly eagerness really increase the effectiveness of "A Farewell," conveying the impression of genuine passion, too vehement to pick out terms and polish phrases. It is, however, far inferior to the lines to Augusta, "Though the day of my destiny's over," which considerations of strict chronology, it is to be supposed, have here divorced from the group to which it naturally belongs. The volume also contains "The Destruction of Sennacherib," "She walks in beauty," "There be none of

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry. Vol. III. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 6s. (Murray.)

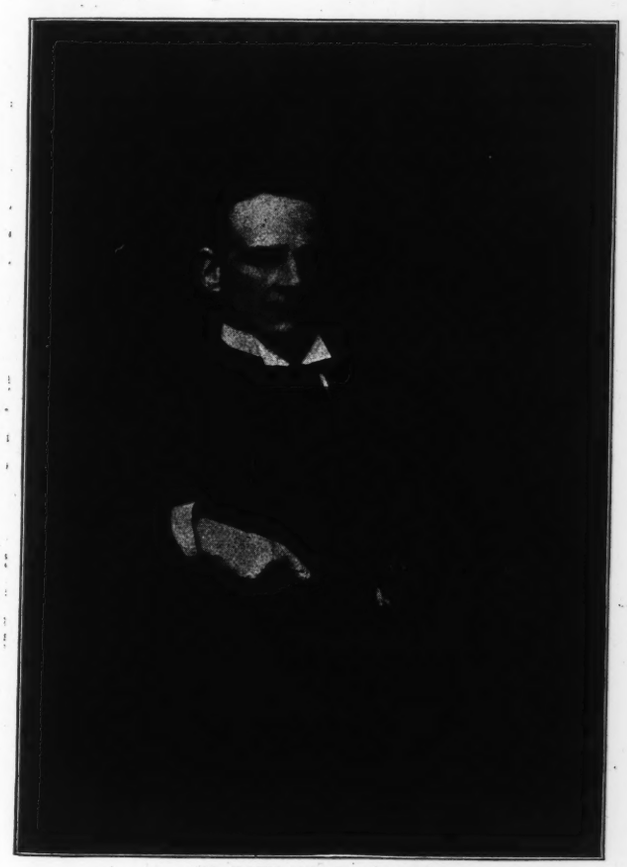
"The Works of Lord Byron, etc." Letters and Journals. Vol. IV. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A. 6s. (Murray.)

Beauty's daughters," "Star of the brave," and others of Byron's finest lyrical inspirations. Mr. Coleridge follows Moore in leaving unnoticed the fictitious ascription of a French origin to the last-named poem and other kindred pieces; nor does he point out the manifest application of "Belshazzar" to George IV. In general, however, nothing can be more satisfactory than his annotation, and he shows exemplary diligence in collecting various readings. As he states that the note on the identity of "Thyrza" has been communicated to him, we presume that he does not consider himself responsible for it.

Four poems are now printed for the first time from MSS. in the possession of Mr. Murray. The lines on a quotation are insignificant; and "Love and Gold" would be equally so but for the possibility that it may have been addressed to Lady Byron upon their first acquaintance. The lines on the death of the Duke of Dorset exist merely for the ingenuity of the conceit, but are more melodious than usual with Byron. "Julian," an exordium on a scale implying an intended poem of considerable length, breaks off just as it begins to attract, as a foreshadowing of Don Juan's rescue by Haidee.

The illustrations of the volume are as interesting and admirably executed as usual. Mr. Coleridge must have felt particular pleasure in publishing Phillips' fine portrait of his grandfather, the Coleridge of society, far away from P. Vandyke's likeness of the enthusiastic young bard prefixed to Dykes Campbell's biography, yet its natural sequel and development.

The letters in Vol. IV. of the "Letters and Journals," issued almost simultaneously with the Poetical Works, range over one of the most interesting periods of Byron's life, from November, 1816, to March, 1820. Fifty-six out of the 173 are now published for the first time. These include several to Augusta Leigh, always interesting, but not of first-rate importance. The letters to Murray, the cream of all



MR. ROWLAND PROTHERO,
Editor of the new edition of Byron's Letters and Journals.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Byron's correspondence, are not greatly augmented in number, but some receive interesting additions, and the asterisks which, "like a swarm of golden bees," have hitherto buzzed about them have been chased away. We learn, for instance, that it was none of these heavenly bodies that appropriated Murray's money, but an eminent contemporary poet; and remark the confirmation of what we already knew, that the object of Byron's unmitigated contempt was Sotheby, and that of his ferocious hatred Romilly. The effect of the numerous slight additions, on matters commercial and amatory, is in general to augment the raciness of one of the raciest budgets of correspondence in the language. In some few cases the text of these letters as now given varies from Moore's, and in one instance at least Moore seems to be right; wit and *humour* (p. 85) are surely closer allies than wit and *honour*. Some alterations and transpositions on Moore's part may be remarked, but on the whole he seems to have performed his editorial task with fidelity as well as discretion. Mr. Prothero's editing is as usual incomparably good, both as regards the fulness and pertinency of annotation and the excellent selection of documents for the numerous appendixes.

Most entertaining are the reports from the Italian police on "the erratic lord," "not unknown as a man of letters," deploring the difficulty experienced "in exercising the necessary supervision over my Lord's private affairs." Their investigation, nevertheless, was sufficiently minute to bring to light the fact that "his Lordship wears at his watch-chain a triangular (or rather pyramidal) seal." Could not Mr. Prothero have told us how the police came by the extraordinary notion, twice repeated, that Lord Kinnaird fired a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, "obeying, I suppose, the impulse of his capricious nature"?

The illustrations include D'Orsay's portrait of Countess Guiccioli in 1839, an unprepossessing likeness of Lady Byron, and one of Augusta Leigh, less advantageous than its companion in the Poems.

RICHARD GARNETT.

ST. PETER IN ROME.*

This is a large and interesting book. The argument and reasoning are founded on several important principles, of which the chief are as follows:—(1) The Christian tradition, when early or unanimous, has much greater value than has generally been attributed to it by scholars in recent years. (2) The results of archæological investigation frequently afford a good test of tradition, both as to the absolute value of any special tradition and as to the relative value of inconsistent or divergent traditions.

Neither of these principles is likely to be very strongly disputed at the present day. Controversy will arise only as to the use made of them.

The book is intended to give a thorough criticism of everything connected with the residence and work of St. Peter in Rome, including therein a considerable body of Christian tradition. As the result of this criticism it is claimed that a large proportion of this body of tradition may now be regarded as historically trustworthy, while a small proportion of what is discussed is rejected as incorrect or untrustworthy.

The value of such a book depends entirely on the amount of knowledge and sound critical judgment applied in it; and any critic of this book finds himself in an awkward position. He ought to possess at least as much of both those qualifications as the author. Most of us are apt to delude ourselves into the belief that we possess some critical judgment, enough at least to venture an opinion as to whether others show sound commonsense. But there are very few persons who possess enough knowledge in this difficult and obscure subject to venture on any criticism of the greater part of the book, viz., that which is devoted to the Roman city traditions and localities; and the present critic does not pretend to possess such knowledge. The man who in all Europe—since the lamented death of De Rossi—is most thorough master of all that relates to Roman topography and topographical tradition, Rodolfo Lanciani, has pronounced an emphatic eulogy on the book. In the *Athenæum* he speaks of it as "cleverly and soberly written, and lavishly illustrated," and adds that "in the text there is hardly a statement not based on facts and not corroborated by monumental evidence." We remember, however, that Lanciani is the most lenient of critics, so much so that when a few years ago he revised Prof. W. Ramsay's *Roman Antiquities*—an excellent book in its time, but much need-

* "St. Peter in Rome, and his Tomb on the Vatican Hill." By A. S. Barnes, M.A., author of "The Popes and the Ordinal," etc. (Sonnenschein.

ing revision—he did not find it necessary to make any change except in the first chapter on topography, which he rewrote completely. That prevents us from feeling perfectly satisfied with his general endorsement; and even he seems to imply that he had observed some statements not based on facts or sufficiently corroborated.

While I fully accept the leading principles above stated, and consider that Mr. Barnes is thoroughly justified in regarding the residence of St. Peter in Rome, and the designation of that city as Babylon in First Peter, as established beyond all reasonable doubt, yet I confess that I have not been able to attain perfect confidence in his manner of treating the subject. In those parts of his book where I have most knowledge many statements jar on the historical sense; and this makes one less disposed to accept implicitly statements and inferences in the many parts where I do not feel qualified to express an opinion.

Some examples ought to be quoted to justify my hesitation. On p. 19, Augustus is said to have "praised his grandson Gaius, afterwards the Emperor Caligula," because he refrained from visiting Jerusalem. The person whom Augustus praised was his real grandson, and adopted son, Gaius, son of Julia and Agrippa. Caligula, who was only two years old when Augustus died, was by a series of adoptions the great-grandson of Augustus. This, however, may be passed by as a mere slip; no argument is drawn from it.

Again, on p. 25, it is stated as a certain fact that Herod Agrippa I. "was dead before the Passover of A.D. 44." But it is commonly regarded as one of the few sure facts of this period that Herod was at the Passover of 44 in Jerusalem, and died some short time later in Caesareia. Not merely practically all New Testament scholars, but also the numismatists and the historians accept that date, and it is given as assured in so severe a work as the "Prosopographia Imperii Romani." The inference is drawn therefrom by these authorities almost unanimously that the Passover at which James suffered and Peter was imprisoned was that of 44. Yet Mr. Barnes holds that those events occurred at the Passover of 42, and founds on this date his whole theory of the chronology of Peter's journeys and residence in Rome. I am far from saying that Mr. Barnes is bound to follow the accepted chronology; but at least he has no right to assume as certain, and found his reasoning on, a date which has been rejected with such remarkable unanimity by scholars, and to assume it without even warning his readers that his date is not the ordinarily accepted one.

After he has thus got his fundamental date, let us see how Mr. Barnes uses it. He describes very fully the work done by Peter in the year 42. Peter was imprisoned during the Feast 24-30 March. Then he proceeded direct to Antioch and founded the Church there. Thereafter "we picture him as passing northward from Antioch across the Peninsula of Asia Minor to Pontus." He founded two churches, Amasia and Sinope. He renewed his acquaintance with Aquila, whom he had seen already at Jerusalem at the Pentecost in A.D. 30; and it may have been for the very purpose of going to his house . . . that St. Peter turned his steps northwards. Further, it may be that it was Aquila's determination to go to Rome that first decided St. Peter also to take that important step." Afterwards, when he wrote to the Churches of Asia Minor, he mentioned them "in the order in which he passed through them in the course of this journey." If that were the case surely the order in the Epistle would have been first Cappadocia and then Pontus (instead of Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia), for Mr. Barnes proceeds to explain that in going from Pontus to Rome, St. Peter "avoided the inland districts of Asia Minor, and confined himself to the shores of the sea . . . because he was anxious to be in a position to earn sufficient money for his support by working at his trade as a fisherman." Thus he worked his way to some port on the west coast of the province Asia (such as Adramyttium, or Ephesus, or Troas), whence he sailed either to Brindisi or Naples,—with "a slight balance of probability to the theory that it was at Naples that St. Peter landed." He founded a church probably at Naples and Puteoli. Mr. Barnes speaks as if these were one city, see pp. 29, 30, 59. "Then he made his way past Capua and along the Via Appia until he entered Rome itself by the Porta Capena, or, as we now call it, the Gate of San Sebastiano." Now the Gate of San Sebastiano is not the Porta Capena, but it is nearly a mile distant from it—about 4,800 feet on the map in Middleton's "Remains of Ancient Rome." This looseness is unsuitable in a work where so much rests on the strict topographical facts of Rome.

Such was the work of nine months for St. Peter: several journeys of great length, performed presumably on foot, with work as a fisherman by the way, together with the foundation of a series of churches, and the time and labour required for such results. The idea is wholly impossible, and cannot be entertained by any one who applies the ordinary principles of time and work to the history of the Apostles. To one who holds that all apostolic history is miraculous, and that the ordinary laws of nature were suspended where St. Peter was concerned, Mr. Barnes's theory may commend itself, but to no other. And to reach this theory Mr. Barnes is bound to a system of chronology: the Crucifixion must have been in 30, and the persecution by Herod Agrippa must have been in 42. Touch either date, and the chronological edifice tumbles to the ground.

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Malvoti and Inglesant." By Claud A. Shepperson.

"'It is himself! He has taken the dagger from his bleeding wound.'

"Malvoti confronted Inglesant for some seconds, during which neither stirred, each with his eyes rivetted upon the other, each with his weapon in his hand."—*John Inglesant*, chap. xxx.

Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. No. 161. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Even citations from the New Testament are not always correctly understood. On p. 83 we read "the various persecutions, floggings, and imprisonments to which St. Paul was subjected came, as he is careful to tell us, invariably from the Jews; 'of the Jews five times did I receive forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned.'" Mr. Barnes understands that Paul was "beaten with rods" by the Jews. But the "beating with rods" could only originate from a Roman official; and there can be no doubt that these beatings were inflicted in Roman *coloniæ*, where the supreme magistrates had the honour of being accompanied by lictors bearing rods or *fasces*. One of those beatings was in Philippi at the order of the prætors.

Similar looseness is observable sometimes in the language used by Mr. Barnes about the early Christian traditions. Thus, *e.g.*, on p. 44 we read that "the Gospel of St. Mark was, as the united voice of all the earliest Christian writers assures us, written at Rome for the purpose of providing a permanent record of the matter which had formed the basis of the preaching in that city of the chief of the Apostles." I am far from arguing against that view of the Gospel; but the statement as to the ancient authority is both loose and exaggerated. Further, I fail to see any principle in the acceptance or rejection of traditions regarding the Apostolic period. It is taken as a fundamental fact, on which the whole theory of St. Peter's life depends, that none of the Apostles left Jerusalem until A.D. 42, when Peter fled to Antioch, and went thence to Asia Minor, and Rome. No account is taken of the record in Acts that before that time Peter and John had gone to Samaria and preached in many villages of the Samaritans, and that Peter "went throughout all parts," and came to Lydda, Joppa, and Cæsareia; Mr. Barnes disregards all that, and holds that Peter never left Jerusalem until he escaped from prison.

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
"Salambo." By Nell Tenison. Exhibited in the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

These are examples of many faults which I have marked, some real errors, some merely loose and exaggerated language in cases where a severely accurate statement would have been quite sufficient for Mr. Barnes's purpose. As regards the general history of the Apostolic period and of St. Peter, he nowhere shows much acquaintance with modern scholarship; and in many passages it is clear that he has not studied even the most important and outstanding modern scholars on the points which he happens to be treating.

But we have not yet touched on the really important and by far the larger part of the book—the criticism of the Roman local tradition—which is also much the most interesting. Mr. Barnes's argument is directed to prove that St. Peter's tomb is still hidden under "the glorious dome of the greatest church that Christendom has ever known," and that the Apostle's steps can be traced at many points through the city, where tradition has preserved the memory. On the details of his argument I am not able to pronounce an opinion; but he certainly makes out a seemingly strong case, and I should be very glad to find he is right. Certainly, he shows far more thoroughness and knowledge in this, the main subject of his work; and it is probable that his reasoning may be far more rigidly accurate in the department to which he has devoted himself than in the loose and capricious argument of the earlier chapters. These, however, create an unfortunate impression at the outset; and one feels the necessity of rigidly testing the authorities for every statement in their original context before one trusts even to a general impression of the argument. The book may do much good by bringing strongly before the public the value of topographical study of Christian tradition, and the very considerable probability that the Roman local tradition, when old authority for it exists, is trustworthy. Its trustworthiness was founded on its continuity; the tradition in Rome was never broken, whereas at Jerusalem the tradition was entirely interrupted, and recreated or rather dreamed in the fourth century.

With many of Mr. Barnes's views I strongly sympathise, as for example with his protest against the stubborn Protestant prejudice that all Roman local tradition is false, a prejudice absolutely devoid of scientific basis and now fortunately moribund; and I regret to be compelled to entertain some distrust of his method in reasoning.

W. M. RAMSAY.

PAUSANIAS, AND OTHER GREEK SKETCHES.*

Dr. Frazer's monumental edition of "Pausanias" is a rich treasure-house of information for serious students of Greek antiquities. Its size and character, however, place it outside the range of ordinary readers, for whose benefit the author has here reprinted his account of Pausanias (pp. 1-159), and added brief sketches of some hundred places mentioned by that writer as they appear to a modern traveller.

The essay on Pausanias is of conspicuous merit. It is the work of a scholar who is not only master of his subject but who also wields a clear, vigorous, and very vivid pen. Pausanias lives again in its pages. We can almost see the old antiquary as, note-book in hand, he passes from temple to temple, taking measurements, inspecting relics, and recording pious legends. He is dull, no doubt, and credulous; he contemplates with interest "remains of the clay out of which Prometheus moulded the first man" or "the egg out of which Castor and Pollux were hatched," while he seems blind to the beauties of nature and the every-day life around him; his style of writing is as ugly as a style can be; but, on the other hand, he is honest, trustworthy, and accurate, "with a minute and painstaking accuracy." He saw Greece as it was a hundred years after St. Paul visited it, and he has written down what

* "Pausanias, and Other Greek Sketches." By Dr. T. G. Frazer. 5s. (Macmillan and Co.)

he saw. Anticipating Murray by seventeen centuries he compiled a guide-book "without which," to use Dr. Frazer's emphatic words, "the ruins of Greece would for the most part be a labyrinth without a clue, a riddle without an answer." His very want of imagination is a gain, for he gives us not fancies but facts, and by so doing this simple, straightforward man, "made of common stuff and cast in a common mould," has become the heir of immortality. Many great literary ambitions are now as though they had never been, but the writings of Pausanias "will be read and studied so long as ancient Greece shall continue to engage the attention and awaken the interest of mankind."

The remaining topographical sketches—to which an account of Pericles is most inaptly appended—have a singular charm. They are drawn from nature by a skilled hand guided by an educated and sympathetic eye. To glance through them is as pleasant as it is to turn over the portfolio of an artist who has just been travelling in an interesting country, and it is as instructive as it is pleasant. Take a single instance. "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna,*" says the modern moralist when he inculcates hardihood, and to most people probably the name of Sparta suggests a scene stern, rugged, and severe. Here is the reality:—

"The orange-groves, the gardens fresh and green on all sides, men taking their ease in the warm evening air at a picturesque tavern under a great spreading tree, children playing in the green lanes, a group of Spartan maidens filling their pitchers from a spring that gurgled from a gray time-worn wall, a river spanned by a quaint old bridge and winding through groves of orange trees spangled with golden fruit. and towering above all the stupendous snow-clad range of Taygetus in the west, with the sunset sky above it. . . . It was a dream of Arcadia, the Arcadia of poets, and of painters like the Poussins."

T. E. PAGE.

THE IDEA OF TRAGEDY.*

The purpose of Mr. Courtney's three lectures is excellent, and in its development he has much of interest to set forth. Starting with the definition of tragedy as the conflict of external law or power with individual will, he considers separately the different orders of powers that, in the records of the dramatists, the individual will has hurled itself against through the ages—the gods, the character of the struggling individual, social laws, and so on. Against the general purpose not a word can be said. For the deficiencies of the plan and of the illustrations, limitations of space can partly account; and as a slight introduction to a detailed study, on the part of the reader, of tragedy as conceived by the Greeks and by the older English dramatists, we heartily recommend it. Nevertheless, it rouses very frequent contradiction in the wary reader who finds lurking under its sober, professorial tone some reckless statements. But the recklessness is not as a rule persisted in. For instance, the astounding assertion that in the modern drama there is "the substitution of a purely æsthetic aim" for "the older religious and ethical aims," is not adhered to when he deals with recent works of art.

The weakness of the book is in the poverty and capriciousness of the modern illustrations, and in his monotonous insistence from the beginning on these. We are bored by his references to Ibsen before he has done with the Greeks. Cassandra is spoken of as a glorified version of the Rat-Wife. Euripides is suggested as an ancient Ibsen! When he comes to deal with Ibsen in detail his criticism is on the whole excellent; but the general tone of his contemporary appreciation is unsteady, and his estimates much lacking in proportion. He regards "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as a great tragedy. (And we are glad to think that Mr. Pinero, who writes the preface, is no less complimentary to Mr. Courtney's powers. The modern playwright has tremendous respect for a man from whose tongue "the great names of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides rolled intimately yet worshipfully.")

So it comes about that in the end we are a little apt to forget some admirable pages in the book, and to think of it as a jumbled appreciation of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Mr. Pinero, and "Zack"; and to feel with grateful relief that Mr. Courtney is not well informed about the Mr. Pinero's and "Zack's" of the days of Euripides. Indeed, as we have said, it is a book to be read warily. For the sober, careful professor in Mr. Courtney has been a little damaged by the hasty journalist, and examples of obscure writing and thinking are rather too common. He speaks of the drama as an artistic birth "which has little or nothing to do with mental processes at all." And almost in the next sentence we read of tragedy as born "in the popular mind." In talking of the direct artistic "fruit of Schopenhauer's pessimism," he says, "Perhaps Mr. Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* comes the nearest to it, a work which depresses human vitality, and therefore, as I take it, sins against humanity. Better examples can perhaps be found in some of Zola's novels.' So *Jude* is nearest to Schopenhauer's pessimism, the best examples of which must be sought for in Zola! But perhaps the most glaring instance of inaccuracy is where, talking of Ibsen loving the pursuit better than the realisation of liberty, he says, "If heaven were to offer him freedom in a socialistic community on the one hand, and a vehement conflict on behalf of liberty in an old aristocratic and oligarchical state on the other hand, he would unhesitatingly choose the latter." That a critic of Ibsen should know his man so little as to speak of him conceiving of liberty in a socialistic community!

A. MACDONELL.

* "The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama." Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, February, 1900. By W. L. Courtney. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

PIONEERS AND PROPHETS OF ENGLAND.*

In thought and style these extremely readable chapters take one back—how many years!—to the movement of reconstruction which began a little before John Ruskin's assault on "Smithian" economics in 1860. "Ages ago," cries the new generation. Well, perhaps; but we who were youngsters then had learned something, at first or second hand, from the vanguard that are here painted in colours not a whit too shining, whose lead we have since done our best to follow—from Cobbett and Cobden, Mill and Shaftesbury, Owen and Carlyle. I suppose our instinct was to go where genius broke a path open at any point of the compass; for while our guides did certainly not all agree as to what lay beyond the wood—a savage thicket of bad institutions—they did wield their axes most manfully in hewing it down. People say now that the liberating movement has failed. But a book such as this of Mr. Balmforth's is plain evidence to the contrary. Failure, of course, a hundred times over, was to be expected. And as life, not formulas, led to the uprising of individuals against social injustice, there was no end of contention between the pioneers themselves. But, as in mechanical forces nothing is lost and the resultant expresses them all, so we have profited by every particle of truth that flamed up out of the "Latter Day Pamphlets," or shone mildly in the curiously-named "Utilitarianism" of John Stuart Mill, And now even a slight sketch like this will demonstrate that underneath all the seeming destruction a new and not so chaotic an existence has been slowly coming to the birth.

From Cobbett, who was born in 1762, to Ruskin just dead (but not truly taken from us) we reckon some hundred and forty years. The makers of a living, wholesome, Christian England during that time are mainly to be found in this volume. As private characters they stand high, with deductions on the score of temper and such other inevitable weaknesses that cling to the best of men; but it must be said they were worthy of their calling. As teachers, not all of one mind, they show themselves under the influence of noble and quite disinterested speculations. Of the world's honours they had next to nothing. If religion includes, as I cannot but suppose it must, the natural virtues—justice, honesty, truthfulness, fellow-feeling with our kind—all these men were religious in an eminent degree. Here is one of Mill's remarkable sayings, "In the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth, we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as one would be done by, and to love one's neighbour as oneself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality." It was Robert Owen, the fierce opponent of what he deemed superstition, who, as Mr. Balmforth tells us, "by his invincible logic" demonstrated the justice and necessity of a "living wage." Carlyle's doctrine of "work' is St. Paul's, with marginal notes and illustrations dashed in from the lurid ignominious facts of his own day. So I might go on, until I had exhausted the list of great men and admirable women, whose life-story is here set out in words well-chosen, simple but heart-stirring, and full of faith and hope. The author keeps a firm hand upon his enthusiasm; he is impartial,

* "Some Social and Political Pioneers of the Nineteenth Century." By Ramsden Balmforth. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

clear, at times critical, as every man who thinks for himself ought to be, and in his summings up judicious beyond the common. We are none of us exactly the disciples of any one master; pioneers and prophets make mistakes like the rest of the world. But I would give this book to almost any young man setting out from school who wanted a cause to live by; merely advising him that if he were willing to learn from every one who is honoured in it, while not taking any or all of them to be infallible, he might count on discovering that without which the most outwardly successful career is futile and barren —I mean a spring that shall rise up from the depths of human sympathy and fellowship into the divine air of Idealism.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE WORLD'S EPOCH-MAKERS.*

The three volumes named below sufficiently justify the existence of this new series. None of the writers trifles with his subject. Each presents in an eminently readable form the results of a thorough study conducted under the best light procurable. It would be invidious to compare with one another contributors to the same series. But it may be said that no volume could better introduce a series to the favourable consideration of the public than Prof. Lindsay's sketch of Luther. The subject is a great one and calls for largeness in its treatment. No reader will hesitate to say that it receives justice here. The essay is written with the verve and vitality of one who has for himself studied the sources and lived through the epoch. One is continually struck not only with the freshness that springs from a living sympathy with the subject, but with the genuine catholicity and knowledge which characterise the highest type of historian. His estimate of the mediæval church and his exposition of its relation to the Reformation, written out of a full knowledge that betrays itself in a hundred little touches, will serve to balance the hasty judgments of half-informed readers. Prof. Lindsay's exceptional acquaintance with the actual life of pre-reformation times appears at many points of the narrative, and not least in the suggestive remark that "the spiritual forebears of the Reformation leaders are not to be sought in dubious Waldenses or in still more questionable Albigenses, but in pious Christians like Hans and Margarethe Luther, who taught the boy within the family circle the evangelical truths he was to thunder forth from the Wittenberg pulpit." Luther's own home-life supplies a charming section to the volume. A chronological summary (twenty-three pages) and a select bibliography help further to equip a thorough and rich study.

Cranmer is treated by Mr. A. D. Innes, who is more of an expert in history than in theology. Theology may no doubt prove an encumbrance to the historian and betray him into erroneous judgments; but the historian of Cranmer is scarcely sufficiently furnished for his task if he is not interested in the theology of his period. Mr. Innes' statements regarding the sacrament of the Eucharist could scarcely have been made by one who had clear knowledge and firm grasp of the subject. But the various movements and complicated interests of Cranmer's difficult and entangled time are excellently traced, and the volume is written with so much spirit that it can be read with pleasure.

Than Wesley no man more obviously merits the title of "epoch-maker." Southey was unable to understand him; yet he unhesitatingly pronounced him "the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or, perhaps, milleniums hence, if the present race of men continue so long." Mr. Snell has been entrusted with the task of explaining what it was in the character and career of Wesley which gave him this influence, and what are the essential features of the epoch he introduced. Precisely here it is, in our opinion, where Mr. Snell fails. His volume contains a full and interesting account of Wesley, an account which here and there shows too little sympathy with their founder to be pleasing to Wesleyans, but which in the main at least aims at being sympathetic. But it fails to exhibit the relation in which the movement stands to the history of religion in this and other countries. The chapter on the "New Dissent" does not sufficiently face the problem which Methodism presents.

MARCUS DODS.

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Dr. Johnson and his Friends at the Mitre Tavern." By H. R. Steer, R.I. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. No. 372. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

* "The World's Epoch-Makers." Edited by Oliphant Smeaton. (T. and T. Clark.)

1. "Cranmer and the Reformation in England." By Arthur D. Innes, M.A.
2. "Wesley and Methodism." By F. J. Snell, M.A.
3. "Luther and the German Reformation." By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D.

MR. CROCKETT'S LATEST VENTURE IN ROMANCE.*

In the course of his self-development as a romancist, Mr. Crockett has wandered a good deal from the Stevensonian tradition. But in "Little Anna Mark" he returns to his old

* "Little Anna Mark." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

allegiance. Philip Stansfield is a sort of Master of Ballantrae, who, at the close of his career of unnatural wickedness, being past mending, ends himself and his chief accomplice; and the murderous Uncle John is certainly first cousin to David Balfour's treacherous relative. But, when thinking out the most startling situation in his plot, Mr. Crockett would have done well to bear in mind the special strength of Stevenson, and in a still greater measure of Poe, as described perhaps with fantastic elaboration by Professor Raleigh, when he says that some of Stevenson's romantic scenes "make entrance to the corridors of the mind by blind and secret ways, and there awaken the echoes of primæval fear"—citing as evidences of this power the cry of the parrot—"Pieces of Eight"—the tapping of the stick of the blind pirate Pew as he draws near the inn-parlour, and the disguise of the leper in "The Black Arrow." Mr. Crockett has a very good "effect"—in some respects the most powerful he has yet achieved—in his sixteenth chapter, where Will Bowman kills the murderer and sham dominie Bernard Ringrose, who is concealed in a packing-case. The eerie combat with the boy and girl as spectators is admirably managed. But Mr. Crockett spoils his own work by reviving Ringrose in his next chapter to attempt the murder of the boy and the admission of his accomplices into the threatened house; it is a sheer prolongation of agony. Stevenson knew better than to surfeit his readers with horrors; when he dashed out Pew's brains, there was an end of the scoundrel. Yet it must be allowed that Mr. Crockett has done very well here as a manufacturer of robust villainy, better even than in "The Grey Man." Philip Stansfield tortures his wife and her lover, the gallant Englishman, Ephraim Spurway, in the most brutally successful fashion until his too melodramatic repentance, and his accomplice, Saul Mark, is a good specimen of the socially inferior fiend. The hypocritical Provost Partan is also well drawn, although there is a touch of caricature in his jocularity. Rather curiously Mr. Crockett is in "Little Anna Mark" conspicuously weak where, as a rule, he is conspicuously strong. Not one of the female characters in it is quite satisfactory. Mrs. Spurway or Stansfield is a whimpering Amelia, who has not even the brains to torture her Dobbin; Lady Juanita is a promoted barmaid; but for the mystery of her birth—which is really no mystery after all—little Anna Mark would be totally uninteresting.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE FATHER CONFESSOR.*

Two books, both by women, came to my hand in one day. I read them within sight of the sea, and when I put them down, the one a collection of conventional short stories conventionally told, reminded me of the castles which the children had been building in the sand; the other of the tumbled débris of rock, wreckage, and sea-weed which a huge wave had washed together in one pile upon the beach.

The second of these books was "The Father Confessor," by Mrs. Clement Shorter. Crude, even chaotic, the stories which Mrs. Shorter tells may be, but at least they bear witness to power, to passion, and to the storms that strew wreckage upon the beach of life.

Stories, in the ordinary sense of the word, they are not. They are psychological rather than narrative. Mrs. Shorter might have chosen, as a motto for her title-page, the following lines by Mr. George Meredith:—

> "In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be. Passions spin the plot,
> We are betrayed by what is false within."

In the matter of courage she seems to be a veritable Amazon. The impression which the stories leave upon the mind of the reader is that she is a literary re-incarnation of Queen Boadicea, and that it is a war chariot, not a pen, which she should be driving. In her eyes cowardice in a man is apparently the abomination of abominations. "The Three Travellers" and "A Question of Cowardice" both tell of men whose nerve failed them at the critical moment, and Mrs Shorter does not spare the lash of her scorn. But her worship is all for the physical courage of the unthinking brute. That moral courage is sometimes nobler than physical courage one does not gather from her tales.

In the present writer's opinion, the noblest chapters in "The Father Confessor" are not these strenuous and sometimes over-emphasised tales of Death and Doom, but the more purely imaginative Celtic work. "All Souls' Eve" shows Mrs. Shorter's great imaginative gifts at their very best. This beautiful and delicate idyll will haunt and hold the reader when her more declamatory work is forgotten. It is quite another quality than mere loudness which causes the sound of a voice to echo and re-echo down the corridors of memory. And Mrs. Shorter's is a voice which once heard will not soon be forgotten.

The two or three books of poems she has published contain some of the most striking work from the point of view of originality, which any contemporary woman-poet has produced. And the freshness of thought and of expression, the passion and the power which were so unmistakeable in her poems, are everywhere evident in her prose. That "The Father Confessor" is a work which will be equally liked by all readers, I should be sorry to assert. Its peculiar and even unique qualities will repel some readers as irresistibly as these qualities appeal to others; but that it is a book of quite an uncommon sort, a book which—whether we like it or dislike it—we must admit to be remarkable, is not to be denied.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "The Father Confessor: Stories of Death and Danger." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

THE CAVE OF ILLUSION.*

A play that is introduced by a thirteen-page preface by Maeterlinck must be read with eager curiosity. However much recent experience has taught us to distrust prefaces, still we cannot approach with indifference anything stamped with the approval of the Belgian dramatist. It is true the preface has very little to do with the play before us. It is rather a review of the strange conditions amidst which the modern drama has to struggle for existence, of the difficulties it has to encounter, and what reads very like an apology for the drama of actual modern life. And we do not wonder at the apology—from Maeterlinck's pen—or if we do, it is at its genial leniency. Now, his views are exceedingly interesting, though here not very frankly expressed. But after all, the book is Mr. Sutro's, and after recommending the preface to readers, and recording the fact that it declares "The Cave of Illusion" to be "le type presque parfait du meilleur drame moderne," we pass on to the play itself.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO.
From Photo by Barraud.

It has excellent points. There is careful and artistic work in it. The dialogue is good—infinitely better than we are accustomed to in the plays of the hour. The characterisation—for the first three acts—is clear and interesting. We feel that three-fourths of it is well adapted for the stage—that it would "go." Till the last act began, we had read with admiration, though with increasing wonder how Mr. Sutro could deal with a situation rendered peculiarly complicated by certain excellencies in the character of his chief personages. After all the end is the test of a play, especially of a play that has no pretensions to be pretty, that offers nothing lyrical, nothing even scenically attractive. And the last act here is incredible. In the light of what has gone before, it is false and impossible. Briefly the plot is this: A literary man with an excellent plain wife, the good mother of his children, gains the friendship of an unhappy married woman. He sees her every day, reads all his work to her. She is his soul—and he doesn't know the colour of her eyes. Gossip is rife about them, but apparently quite malicious. The good wife is jealous, and at last makes intercourse between the two soulful ones impossible. Result—stoppage of his work, and the conviction that domesticity such as his is intolerable. He appears at night to Gabrielle, his former inspirer, and says it is a choice between her and suicide. Her life is now entirely empty, but she refuses to go away with

* "The Cave of Illusion." A Play in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

him. He mentions the revolver; she rushes out, to dissuade him from suicide—and her husband, who has been watching them with diabolical amusement, closes the door. Now begins for David and Gabrielle a life in a remote corner of Provence. His work goes on apace. He rewrites all he had written in London, and is satisfied he has done something really fine this time. Gabrielle is doubtful. By comes the publisher. David is hopeful this arch-Philistine and ultra-cautious person will reject the book. But no, Hopkinson is delighted, asks for a pen, and proceeds to write a cheque for —— any amount. The book is horribly immoral, he says, but it will "go," and he will print an edition of 30,000 copies right off. David is horrified What is this that he has done? Ah, now he sees it. The book is corrupt from end to end, and as the writing of it is contemporaneous with his life with Gabrielle, he turns and rends her. If Mr. Sutro had meant to represent the greatest cad and coward that ever lived, he could not have bettered David. But we doubt if this is his intention. In the earlier portion, save where he shows the revolver when he proposes Gabrielle should go off with him, there is no evidence that he is anything but a nice-mannered, kindly, amiable, though at times nervously irritable person. And as for the book being corrupt, the idea comes like a thunderbolt to the reader, who has been feeling that he has been in the company of exceedingly decorous persons, though they may have been guilty of one social outrage. Mr. Sutro's thesis seems to be that we must choose between the elementary duties of life and "the kennel." An excellent motive for a play. But a man like the David of the first three acts does not sink into the kennel quite so suddenly, even if he outrages social law, in the company of a woman such as Gabrielle. If she was utterly bad, Mr. Sutro has failed to convince us of it. And as for his David, he is only a disturbing element in the particular problem of this drama. He should have been reserved for a play that would be an exposure of a cad.

There is nothing for it but to rewrite the last act, or the first three.

ROMANTIC EDINBURGH.*

From the introductory notice we gather that the author's aim in compiling this book was to provide "at the end of the old century, or beginning of the new, a *Vade Mecum* which the explorer of Edinburgh can conveniently take with him on his walks or profitably peruse by the fireside." That he has done what he set out to do, and that the task was no light one in a town of Edinburgh's size and associations we think every "explorer" will admit. If the little book fails to become *Vade Mecum* to the many it will be from no lack in itself, but from that perversity which makes some of us, even in these busy days, set aside the convenient, up-to-date volume for the "Reminiscences" and "Traditions" beloved of our youth. Mr. Geddie knows his Edinburgh well, in strict truth he may speak of her as "mine own romantic town," and he has not spared himself in the endeavour to make others see her with his eyes. Indeed, if we would find fault with his methods, we can only say that once or twice he has, perhaps, been at too great pains to present us with every scrap of information, and by chronicling some detail of small moment has blurred the vivid impression left by a more notable event. There are twenty-five chapters in the book, in each of which we find a short but comprehensive history of a certain portion of the town or its environs. Of these chapters we like best that on the Canongate, that on Holyrood Palace, and those on "The Water of Leith," and Leith Port and Borough. It may be, however, that the stranger for whom the book is designed, looking for something more characteristic of Romantic Edinburgh, will find his favourites among those which tell of the Castle, the Netherbow Precincts, and the old city life.

KNOX'S STUDY.
Reproduced from "Romantic Edinburgh," by kind permission of the publishers.

WHITE HORSE CLOSE.
Reproduced from "Romantic Edinburgh," by kind permission of the publishers.

* "Romantic Edinburgh." By John Geddie. (Sands.)

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF SAVONAROLA.*

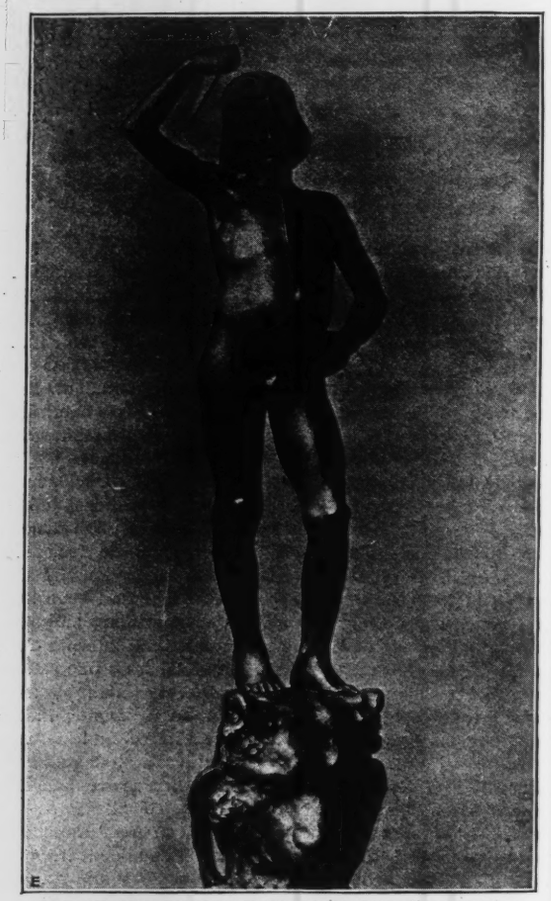
St. Mark's, Florence, is now "national property," and a kind of museum, lighted up by the heavenly frescos of Frà Angelico. But the religious Order to which Savonarola belonged is still in existence; the Friars have not given up their place in the old conventual church; and their present Vicar, Father Lottini, is a learned man, enthusiastic for the good name of the prophet and martyr to whose cell thousands make pilgrimage every year. Father Lottini has examined once more the question so frequently discussed of Savonarola's innocence; but the point which he keeps especially in view is legal rather than ethical; he is great in the Canon Law of the fifteenth century, well read in the documents that bear on his case, and assured that Frà Girolamo did not fall under censure at the hands of Alexander VI. If the Friar was hanged and burnt as excommunicate, it happened under a mistaken notion, for which there never was any real ground. This interesting paradox has been put into readable English by another Dominican student, Father O'Neil, who publishes at Boston. His tone is moderate, his information copious, and his acquaintance with mediæval and later canonists large enough to satisfy the most exacting. Questions of law when crossed by scruples of conscience are always intricate; nor will every one feel disposed to judge of Savonarola's merits by the pleas which he himself, a true son of the Middle Ages, put forward, either when he declined to trust his life in Rome among enemies, or when he said Mass publicly and mounted the pulpit, after sentence had been issued against him. The Canon Law was an extraordinary and almost illimitable piling up of decrees, customs, and interpretations, not unlike our English Law at this day, which no one can ever be sure that he has not broken. It is perhaps a simple matter to decide that Savonarola had committed no crime; that his suspension from preaching was a political move, and his execution a judicial murder. But formalities and legalities are another thing. These grave Dominican authors prove indeed that Savonarola was declared excommunicate,—by the Pope, be it observed,—"without warning, without citation of the accused, without proof of the offence," and in "a document irregularly published." They bring out the "discrepancies and contradictions" which are "apparent in the various Pontifical letters." They rectify some dates, and thereby set in a more reverent attitude the conduct of their great injured hero. But the paradox remains of a Papal Commission putting Savonarola to death, on the ground that he was notoriously excommunicate, and had dared to contravene the censure, while he was in every sense as sound a member of the Church Militant as his judges. "The situation, sad and delicate," observes Father O'Neil, "in which Savonarola found himself on the publication of the brief of May 13th, 1497,"—which declared him a "son of perdition" and under ban as such,—"is probably unique in the history of

* "Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? An Enquiry." By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P. (Boston: Marlier, Callanan and Co.)

the Church." It has given rise to endless controversy; but the knots which a casuist delights in untying a certain straightforword common sense will be disposed to cut through. If Savonarola was innocent not all the legal documents in the world can make him guilty. And history decides for his innocence. The question of law as exercised in the Middle Ages may well furnish matter for investigation. But Frà Girolamo will not be affected by it in the eyes of mankind. Those who least admire his ideals are the first to recognise his lofty and pure ambitions, his detachment from base motives, and his Christian self-sacrifice. What does the rest signify?

CRIVELLI.*

It is remarkable that our immediate and only idea of doing complete honour to a man is to write his life. Doubtless it would be perilous to upset this tradition, especially in England, for without this outlet eulogy might break out with horrible violence in the form of English statues. But the interesting work before us is a good example of the remorselessness of the tradition. Crivelli was to receive his due honour, and therefore Mr. Rushforth was required to fill some scores of pages with a life of Crivelli. This he does with considerable ability, merely prefacing and concluding the task by the simple statement that it is impossible to write a life of Crivelli, that there is no life of Crivelli, that no one knows who he was or when he was born or where he lived or where he died or anything whatever about him. It would appear that literally the only data we have are the signatures and dates upon his pictures, and even old Italian artists, not the least egotistic of men, were hardly in the habit of going into great biographic and psychological detail on the corner of an oil-painting. From these fragmentary evidences Mr. Rushworth builds up a brilliantly ingenious scheme of historical inferences and hunts the dead and buried painter of the fifteenth century from town to town and province to province as if he were a live rascal who had stolen his spoons. The whole of the chapter called "His Life" is in reality a fascinating detective story, in which such an inscription as "Venetus 1489" is made to unfold itself after the manner of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. But what is the use of it? The most we can hope to be certain of is, let us say, that Crivelli lived near Ascoli, or did not. But we have but to look at one of his pictures and we look at one of his great moments, such as alone make his or our lives worth living anywhere.



ONE OF THE LITERARY SCULPTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Mowgli." By Kathleen Shaw.

"Look well, O wolves, have I kept my word?"
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

New Gallery. No. 471. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

Crivelli belonged, it is unnecessary to state, to that early Venetian school which was among the most graceful and decorative of the purely Gothic art traditions. The extraordinary fascination of this æsthetic immaturity, we venture to think, still remains unexplained. The great art critic, who has lately gone from us, had indeed insight enough to have explained it, but his mind suffered from an *embarras de richesse*, his astonishing fertility in ethical and literary conceptions choked his purely artistic ones, and in his analysis of early Italian art there is too much morality and too little magic. We venture to think that the essential poetry that dignifies the most grotesque designs of Crivelli and his school may primarily be defined as a sense of wonder. It is the loss of this that produces that air of vulgarity which, quite apart from Ruskinian ethics, strikes one in the last triumph of the Renascence. To say that Titian and Rubens disposed of the elements with the ease of gods is certainly a truth and sounds like a compliment; but we are not quite sure that it is. There is something of Jupiter, something also of Mr. William Whiteley in their gross familiarity with their wares, attitude and light and thunder. But in Carlo Crivelli we have still the young poet or the child peering half afraid into the wood.

These are the characteristics which Crivelli shares with all the early Italians: of the qualities peculiar to himself it is less easy to speak. He was no innovator; the crudest decorative tendency of the Byzantine influence in Venice often shows itself in his pictures at a time when in other parts of Italy men were learning the more abandoned swing and poise of the human figure. But Venice, holding the gorgeous East in fee, was always more bound to the costly tradition of Byzantium; and of all who shared this oriental insistence on detail, none shared it more than Crivelli. In his "Annunciation" in the National Gallery his love of complex architecture is so elaborately prodigal that the human figures fade into something of the decorative unreality which is their portion in the "Arabian Nights." But this childish love of splendour is childlike as well as childish, it is full of the unspoilt æsthetic appetite and the hunger of the morning of the world.

* "Carlo Crivelli." By G. M'Neil Rushforth, M.A. (George Bell and Sons.)

MODERN SPAIN.*

We are happy to withdraw certain strictures on the incompleteness of Mr. Hume's former work, "The Decline of Spain." Our misapprehension was due to the accidental obscurity of his title-page and preface, and the present sequel explains everything. We have read it, not indeed with pleasure—the story is too sad and disheartening for that—but with very great interest. Nowhere else can this complete yet concise survey of a most perplexing period be obtained; and Mr. Hume's long residence in Spain, where indeed he was brought up, lends vitality to the stories to which he was a boyish listener and to the later events of which, till 1886, he was an eye-witness. The only serious fault, a too common one, is the system of dates; constantly the day and month only are given in the text, and the year not being printed at the top of the page, one has to hunt about, read back, and sometimes even then only infer it. The numerous illustrations, though roughly done, are a great help to the memory. On the whole, the author regards this period as one of slow, very slow regeneration and advance, and he ought to know. We hope he is right. The most ardent admirer of Old Spain—and from Alfonso the Good to Isabella the Catholic that was indeed a land worth living in and dying for—must own that since 1789 the only choice lay between a New Spain, thoroughly Liberal and Progressive, and No Spain at all. That Spanish Liberalism has so often cut its

* "Modern Spain (1788-1898)." By Martin A. S. Hume. Story of the Nations Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

own throat is due almost entirely to the stupid French Revolution. One cannot repeat that too often. But there is still a chance for the Constitutional Monarchy. The Grandmother of Parliaments—for the Cortes was older than our House of Commons—may even yet renew her youth.

NOVEL NOTES.

A GIFT FROM THE GRAVE. By Edith Wharton. 2s. 6d. (Murray.)

To meet with a book like this is a great refreshment to a reviewer. In writing fiction, Miss Wharton is doing the work to which she is called; there are proofs of it on every page.

MISS EDITH WHARTON.

The situation is well conceived; and though it is connected with the literary world, it has a strong emotional interest. She has allowed herself just enough room to develop the situation adequately; none for subordinate matters, none for irrelevance. There may be an occasional hint of Meredithese, such as "She swept to him with a rescuing gesture." But, as a whole, the workmanship is excellent, very far above the average of what comes to us from America, fit expression for her sound and vigorous conception of character. Miss Wharton deals with that very ticklish theme, a man's rising on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. The thinking world is wont to be sad and sceptical in front of it, when the past self was a mean one. But the teller of this tale, though she takes the encouraging view, does not indulge in frivolous sentimentality. "The great renewals take effect as imperceptibly as the first workings of spring," she owns; and her faulty man has not reached saintship on the last page. By the way, the name is not the one chosen by the writer. Mr. Murray gives in a note his reasons for his choice.

THE INFLUENCE OF MARS. By Eva Anstruther. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

Sympathy in a common cause has brought Mrs. Anstruther very close to the hearts of her readers, and especially to the hearts of those to whom her book is dedicated: "All those on whom War's shadow has rested." Stern facts and some genuine pathos are to be found between these covers; and pity and compassion are offered and felt throughout. There are twelve rather sad little sketches in the volume, and a "Prelude" which teaches endurance. But, even at the risk of reaching the unlucky number, we could have borne one more story, an obviously triumphant one, just as a finish-up; for we are not entirely selfish in our sorrow, and the Influence of Mars does sometimes bring about other joys than a purifying and a bracing by pain, some glories which are not entirely subtle or negative. These are tender little stories, however, and it would be ungrateful to cavil at the sadness or be hard on some occasionally over-idealised language—as in "On a 'Bus," for instance—when the intention is so sincere, and the workmanship so good.

THE MINISTER'S GUEST. By Isabella Smith. 6s. (Unwin.)

Nannie Burton was the minister's guest. She left the home of her uncle, the sporting Rector of St. Radigunds, Kent, to spend a year with her dead mother's step-brother, the minister of the Independents at Market Pateley, according to a wish expressed in that mother's will. Josiah Ketterley, the minister, was not even so much as a step-brother, in reality, to Nannie's mother, but "her father married our mother," explained the minister; "we were all brought up together, and felt esteem and regard for poor Ann," and Ann had wished her own daughter to become acquainted with the principles of Nonconformity. Miss Smith's sketch of the life at Market Pateley is clever, sympathetic, and humorous. Both rector and minister are loveable figures, and Nannie herself is charming. Of course, a love interest soon creeps into the story, and all sympathy goes out to Nannie and her big lover who find such serious obstacles in the way of their marriage. Before the end of the book is reached, however, marriages are in the air; perhaps the majority of them are rather abrupt, but it is pleasant to have these good persons so fitly provided for. The story is wholesome and fresh, and contains no touch of mawkishness. Here and there Miss Smith needs to exercise a little more care over her writing, but we shall look with interest for her future work.

FITZJAMES. By Lilian Street. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

"A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James." In this, as in some few other particulars, Miss Street's hero resembles Sir Walter Scott's. "Galt Fitzjames was in his forties. Known far and wide as a poet, a consummate artist and critic, he was greatly loved and greatly feared. He had an atmosphere that was unique, electric, stimulating; and the secret lay not so much in his genius power as in his bewildering personality. He was kind and gay, splendid and gallant, fierce and self-mocking." There's a hero for you! There is more about him in this descriptive passage, but the rest, being concerned merely with his personal appearance, is naturally unimportant. Miss Street has woven a very bright and absorbing story out of slight materials. Her men are real men; her women are real women; and her cads, both male and female, are undoubtedly real cads. If Ruth, the heroine, startles us somewhat to begin with, by her words to and her actions with Fitzjames, which sometimes verge on gush, we must remember there is that "bewildering personality" to be reckoned with; and we know that Ruth was really delightfully unaffected, and frank, and human, for we see this plainly all the way through. "Fitzjames" is a very pleasing and wholesome example of a novel of the part-society, part-character type; it is bright and finished, and unstrained in effect. But where, and how, and from whom did Miss Street learn punctuation?

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHARWOMAN. By Annie Wakeman. 6s. (Macqueen.)

We are at a loss whether to praise Miss Wakeman for vividness of imagination, or for a photographically accurate description of a real life. Did this charwoman, with her magnificent patience and loyalty to her children, ever really exist? After all, it does not greatly matter. In the pages of this book at least she is absolutely real. Her's was a sad story, far sadder than she knew. But she never repined, and accepted what she took to be the inevitable, with that fatalism which is not uncommon among the poor. Miss Wakeman writes sympathetically and yet fairly, condemning nothing and condoning nothing. She has given us a notable book, notable even at a time when slum literature is rather running to seed. The Autobiography has no "purpose," no sociological creed to expound. It is simply a faithful picture of life among a certain class of those who are, half carelessly, half contemptuously, styled "the poor." The book is so good, that it is a pity that phonetic enthusiasm has led Miss Wakeman to write such words as "privilij." This morbid craving for accuracy at all costs provokes us to point out that a charwoman would hardly speak of being "conversant with the clarsses."

THE STRONG ARM. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)

A wealth of romance yet lingers about the castles of the Rhine, and Mr. Barr has been happily inspired in making them the theme of his latest book. The title is delusive, and leads the reader to look for a long story. But Mr. Barr has willed otherwise, and few will quarrel with him on this score. In hot weather even fiction is better in small doses. Most of these

stories, if we are not mistaken, have seen print before. They are of the magazine "magazinish," and have all the good, and a few of the bad, qualities peculiar to that form of literature. Mr. Barr writes with humour and a reckless disregard of anachronisms, which is infinitely refreshing. His stories never flag, and the characters atone for the modernity of their conversation by the amazing vigour with which they fight. Truly in the middle ages the Church in the Rhine valley was militant indeed. Every Archbishop, and there are at least three in "The Strong Arm," kept a standing army and adopted pacificatory methods which would have commended themselves to Cromwell. The book is none the worse for the absence of the hoydenish heroine dear to some writers of the sword and cloak romance. Life for Mr. Barr's puppets does not consist of alternate spasms of fencing and philandering. It is at least three parts fighting to one of the other. If we had to make a choice among these stories, we should vote for the grimly humorous tale of "The Court's Apology," or the lurid sketch, "Converted." But there is really little to choose between one story and another. Altogether "The Strong Arm" is an ideal book for a railway journey or a hot afternoon.

ON ALIEN SHORES. By Leslie Keith. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"Leslie Keith" has woven a delightful story out of the slightest materials. A girl, brought up in a rich home, marries a poor Scotchman. Business takes him to China for two years, and while he is away she goes to live in Edinburgh with his charming Highland mother and his martinet sister. That is all, at least all of the plot which is essential. The melodrama at the end is out of harmony with the rest, and could well be spared. The portraits of the three women are admirably done, and Scotch life—the life of the city, not the Kailyard—is depicted with sympathy and humour. The sensation the heroine makes in her new surroundings and among these sternly simple people is graphically sketched. The pleasantest chapter is that which tells how the heroine stole out with the old lady, during an orgy of house-cleaning, and lived a life of reckless luxury—for half a day. This is a woman's book, written chiefly for women; but even the mere man will find it well worth reading.

MIS'ESS JOY. By John Le Breton. 6s. (Macqueen.)

If Mr. Le Breton were less of an artist than he is, this book would be exasperating, with its grimly ironic title and its uncompromising tragedy. Some novelists seem to make their books end sadly merely for the sake of variety, but Mr. Le Breton is not one of them. If the end is tragic, it is at least inevitable also. Indeed, all through the book we are made to feel that what actually did happen was the only thing which could possibly have happened. Joy Eden is the love-child of a blustering Kentish farmer, loving and loved by her cousin, Richard Fabien. Richard is already engaged to his dull but conscientious cousin Susannah. He tries to break off the engagement; but Joy, half by accident, destroys his letter. After Richard's wedding, in sheer desperation Joy marries a brutal coastguard officer. Death alone can release her, and the book ends with the drowning of the three in a revenue cutter. The gloom of the main theme is relieved by the excellence of the characterisation and the pleasant picture of life on the farm of Winde-le-Fern and at Folkestone. The wooing of the elderly and somewhat priggish bachelor by the widow Fabien and her two sisters is told with much humour, and the episode forms a pleasing contrast to the general sombreness of the story. Mr. Le Breton always writes with power, and occasionally with lurid intensity. But it requires all his skill to reconcile us to such a melancholy plot. Will he never permit himself a more cheerful theme?

JAN OXBER. By Orme Agnus. 4s. (Ward, Lock.)

Through the rustic and village tales in this volume rings a sturdy, dignified tone of independence. The first one, which tells of the career of a man who defied the parson's insolence and the squire's villany, strikes the prevailing note of hope for a time when rural England shall be "no longer merely the peasant's working-place but the peasant's home." Yet they are not aggressively protesting. Rather are they kindly pictures of country folks in the midst of love and grief and spiritual emotion, the colours mixed with a strong dash of genial humour for their enlivenment. Perhaps the most popular will prove "The Conversion of Silas Damson." If Silas's ingenuity in foiling the demons of blasphemy and drunkenness be only of individual efficacy, it is at least widely and harmlessly entertaining.

NEIGHBOURS. By Julia M. Crottie. 6s. (Unwin.)

Among the comparatively few books of distinction published at this season, "Neighbours," by Miss Julia Crottie, stands out with some prominence. It is a book of Irish studies, which are not to be pre-supposed "Idylls," because they are not "Idylls." Their author herself calls them "annals of a dull town"; a good enough description in its way, but the term must be understood to possess a certain elasticity. There were times when Innisdoyle was very far from being a dull town, when interest was quickened, and uncommon things happened. There was, for instance, that time of the "Little Stratagem," when the citizens of Innisdoyle awoke one morning to behold a very strange spectacle; when the elms by the churchyard had burgeoned forth in an extraordinary leafage—highly-coloured charts, in hideous reds and yellows, and other pictures, the nature of which shall not here be disclosed, but which led to hours of intense excitement and moments of realisation and mortification. There was that time, also, of the "Danish Uprising," when the "Terrors," the men up the mountain, disorganised even the Workhouse, causing Poor Law Guardian to fight with Poor Law Guardian, and the town to witness some part of the frightful scene of insubordination. There were yet other times which were not dull; but, dull or perfervid, they are all best told in Miss Crottie's own words. By an admirable simplicity, an entire avoidance of affectation or idealism, she has obtained excellent and impressive effects. "The Burying" is, perhaps, one of the most finished of the sketches. The unwelcome procession (coming as it did on a holiday, when nobody wanted it) trailing down the hill, the twenty dusty, uncouth lads, the yellow coffin, and the motley crowd behind all, make a vivid picture. But all the chapters are good, containing pathos and humour—particularly humour; and even when, as is sometimes the case, there seems little actual motive in a sketch, the presentment is so fresh and natural that we feel only gratitude for, and pleasure in, a book which is at once so entertaining and so genuine a record of Irish life as it is.

WOMAN AND ARTIST. By Max O'Rell. 6s. (Warne.)

Max O'Rell has played a worthy part in explaining one great people to another, and in showing them their many interests in common. That excellent purpose he continues in his latest book. But, alas, it has other ambitions. It has the fatal ambition to be a novel, and the gifted lecturer's talents do not lie in the direction of fiction. Its intended romance and passion is mere melodrama, and its description of artistic life a travesty. We promise Max O'Rell, for his ease, that it shall be forgotten.

LITTLE LADY MARY, ETC. By Horace G. Hutchinson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When on the first page "that insupportable girl Mary MacArthur" dashes up St. James's Street, driving a pair of greys, throws a look across at White's Club, and kisses her hand in return for the wave of a handkerchief, she dashes at the same time into our interest. Brightness, vivacity, some daring, and unconventionality are immediately expected, and a certain amount of amusement is counted upon. What is not counted upon, however, in spite of the preface, is the more serious side of the book; we had forgotten all about that preface, rightly enough—it was meant courteously, but it was a mistake—and we had been drifting so easily over the pretty shallows that we were in the deeper parts before we realised it; tears are demanded while smiles are still in the eyes. There are two stories in the book (it is this fact which is answerable for the preface), and both stories deal with self-sacrifice; first, the self-sacrifice of a woman, then that of a man. As to the manner of the masculine and feminine self-sacrifice, the author has good reason for his methods and opinions, no doubt; very often circumstances would prove him to be right. But there are, after all, no hard and fast rules about it. In spite of all our theories there are women who can act quickly and go away and work hard, with the world against them; and there are men who can keep quiet and get along without sympathy. Novelists may write pretty stories and great stories, but if they try to sort all human beings into classes they fail to convince; a human being who is alive comes along and upsets the tidy arrangement. Mr. Hutchinson's book, however, is pleasant reading, and his opinions are worth attention.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE NEWDIGATE POEM, 1900. Robespierre. By Arthur Collings Carré. (Blackwell, Oxford.)

The winner of the Newdigate Prize for 1900, Mr. A. C. Carré, of Balliol College, is a writer of promise. His poem is considerably more interesting than the majority of such productions. Whether the promise will fulfil itself in poetry or in some other intellectual sphere, it is too soon to assert. Many of his predecessors have shown more metrical facility; their verse has been more limpid and more agreeable. But it is not often we meet with genuine thought in prize-poems, and here we do find it, and finely expressed sometimes too. There are passages which are at once good criticism and good poetry, and in the last line of those we quote he has risen to an admirable level.

"Robespierre, when moralising fortune chose
The mocked inheritor of things that rose
Beyond the straining wings of such a ken,
She snatched thee out and left thee among men
Set for a moment on an eminence,
Blind, murderous, and alone; then dashed thee thence,
And whelmed in purgatories of fire outpoured,
Thy greatness, shrivelled to the loathed record
Of one that mocked a truth he seemed to dream."

TWO STAGE PLAYS: Denzill Herbert's Atonement; Bondage. By Lucy Snowe. 3s. (R. Brimley Johnson.)

There is a beautiful naïveté about the title of Miss Snowe's book. Stage plays—no less. Actors and managers are hereby requested to take note. Or, does the name perhaps infer a modest disclaimer of the contents being literature? In truth, they are not plays at all, but very plain dialogues on what we believe are called "modern" subjects. The moral tendency is excellent. Her characters have probably read Ibsen, and in a very homely way they imitate his people.

BELL.

All my life there has been something against me, pushing me where I didn't want to go, dragging me away as if I was chained.

ELIZABETH.

Chained! (*repeating*). We are victims both. He said so.

HOPE.

Lean on me; your chains will seem lighter.

BELL.

You, my little Hope? You loved me; you would have saved me if anyone could.

ELIZABETH.

No one can; no one is free (*to herself*).

To such Ibsenitish eloquence does the dialogue once or twice rise. But the rarity of such purple passages would put great responsibility on the actors of these "stage plays." The new publisher's name is most honourably associated with good letters and good editing; but his issue of this volume is more creditable to his heart than to his judgment.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE. By Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart., K.C.S.I., LL.D., M.D., etc. 21s. (Blackwood.)

Sir Joseph Fayrer is frankly and most reasonably interested in his own past, and he has succeeded in writing a thick volume of reminiscences without a touch of self-importance or egoism. His "Recollections" reveal a life very full of incident, danger, hard work, and devotion to duty. At the age of seventeen he was appointed midshipman to the *Thames*, one of the West Indian Mail Steam-packets; and from that time seems never to have ceased work. At twenty-three, having left the sea and become duly qualified in medicine and surgery, he accompanied Lord Mount-Edgcumbe on the Continent as his medical adviser. From that, after a short term at Woolwich, he obtained an appointment in India, where the best years of his life were spent. Sir Joseph seems to have been fated to witness and share in stirring events, for after being in the midst of a revolution at Palermo, an attack on Thilawa Stockade, and the capture of Rangoon, he and his wife and child underwent the terrors of the siege of Lucknow, of which he writes in simple but effective words. After over twenty years of valuable work Sir Joseph returned to England; but before long was back again in India, in attendance on the Prince of Wales, with which event a large portion of the volume is occupied. As veritable history these "Recollections" deserve attention, supplying as they do a first-hand narrative of important affairs, with details and descriptions of important persons—Outram, Henry Lawrence, Havelock, and many another hero; but in addition to this the writer's own life story forms an interesting and admirable lesson; and the numerous references to social and political events and notable persons help considerably to make his pages bright.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS. By John K. Ingram. (Black.)

There is one poem in this volume which must have given a fine thrill to many persons of the most diverse political feelings. It was written for the *Nation* in 1843, when the writer was a lad of nineteen, and it is as much alive now as then. "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" lives, with a few of Thomas Davis's songs, and with the roughly vigorous "How did they pass the Union?" of John (afterwards Judge) O'Hagan, Dr. Ingram's friend, to make Young Ireland and its aspirations real to us of another generation. The song had no successors in its own temper. The author has been out of sympathy with more recent Irish agitation, and the intellectual character of his later verse almost explains why. The domestic emotions, refined and sublimated, provide him with some of the stuff of his best verse; the rest he has found in the conceptions and ideals of Positivism. But though his Comtist poems are serious, and worthy of being taken seriously, his best contribution to the Religion of Humanity still remains the song of his youth, "The Memory of the Dead."

THE SECOND AND THIRD EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS: With Some Proofs of their Independence and Mutual Relations. By James Houghton Kennedy, D.D., Lecturer in Divinity, Dublin University. (Methuen and Co.)

More than a century ago it was suggested by the great German critic Semler that the Second Epistle to the Corinthians contains more than originally belonged to it. In recent years this idea has been revived, and Dr. Kennedy's essay contains the fullest examination of the subject. It was suggested to him by some allusions in a conversation with the late Bishop Reichel. He began his investigations with a strong prejudice against any disintegration of the Epistle, but he has now convinced himself, and will doubtless convince others, that the last four chapters of the so-called Second Epistle alone represent it, and that the nine chapters which precede these are really part of a third epistle. The critical enquiry by which this conclusion is reached is conducted with singular acuteness and sobriety, and leaves upon the mind the impression that Dr. Kennedy has proved his case. Certainly the proposed rearrangement solves the difficulties which have always perplexed the careful reader of this Epistle. Neither does it wholly violate probability. That the first leaves of the Second Epistle should have been torn away is likely enough; that the concluding leaves of the Third Epistle should have met with a like fate is also not improbable; that both should have been thus mangled and combined is of course less likely, but still not impossible. Dr. Kennedy's arguments will be canvassed in the proper quarter; meanwhile he may be congratulated on producing a very thorough piece of criticism and of calling attention to an interesting problem.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS. By Filippo de Filippi. 31s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

We have here a sumptuous volume dealing with an important piece of mountaineering work, the ascent of Mount St. Elias, by His Royal Highness the Duke of the Abruzzi. The first ascent of any mountain worth the name is always interesting; but the first ascent of a mountain measuring, in all probability, over 18,000 feet is really an achievement, and none the less so because it was attended by no accidents or great adventures. It was a carefully planned, carefully attempted, carefully carried out ascent; and the absence of danger is but another feather in the cap of those who were responsible; carefulness being one of the most necessary qualifications of a genuine mountaineer. The volume is very generously illustrated, and contains useful appendices concerning equipment, meteorological observations, animals, rock specimens, and medical notes.

A BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. Selected from Modern Writers. With an Introduction and Notes. By W. B. Yeats. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This second edition is practically the same as the first. The additions are not many, and Mr. Yeats's attitude towards the poetry of Ireland remains, of course, unaltered. He has softened a few "petulant" phrases in the introduction, and has commented on some new writers who have appeared during the last few years. In this edition, as in the first, there is one, and only one, real fault. Mr. Yeats himself is not repre-

sented. Otherwise, the collection is a delightful one. The verses are on many different planes, some not very elevated, maybe, but variety and originality are everywhere visible. It is, of course, the first book of the kind that includes any of the genuine Gaelic poetry, and there is keen pleasure in store for the lover of poetry who has not before met with Dr. Hyde's versions of these in English—"Were You on the Mountain?" and "My Grief on the Sea." A selection that embraces passages from the limpid Anglicised "Deserted Village" and from the mystical poems of A. E., does not lack variety. The names of Sheridan, Callanan, Ferguson, Aubrey de Vere, Emily Brontë, Miss Nora Hopper, and Mr. Lionel Johnson suggest many different epochs, models, ideals, and aspirations. And though the poems have not been chosen because they express Irish sentiments, the essence of the whole is strongly national.

THE SCOT ABROAD. By John Hill Burton. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Two books could hardly be more dissimilar in external appearance than this new edition of "The Scot Abroad" and the one issued nineteen years ago. This is on thinner paper, is taller, has rough edges, a gilt top, and a very attractive binding. Yet both editions have apparently been printed from the same stereo-plates. The same misprints are reproduced, as on page 289, where Samuel Rutherfurd is said to have been "known abroad by his work on Armenianism"; and as on page 109, where the word "have" is required to complete the sense. There is no need now to say anything as to the merits of such a well known and deservedly well read book. It may be pointed out, however, in connection with its rather severe strictures on the very Protestant work, "Popery Anatomised," that, a few years before Hill Burton's death, that work, which he asserted modern compositors would not set up, was, if we mistake not, actually reprinted under another title, and was highly recommended to "thoughtful young men and women" by many of the leading divines of Scotland! The passages which, in Hill Burton's opinion, were calculated to produce a red face may never have come under their notice. Perhaps they did not think it necessary to scrutinise a book before recommending it; or perhaps a careful comparison with the rare original might show that some passages had been softened or suppressed by the reverend editor. In its latest form, and at its modest price, "The Scot Abroad" is certain to become more popular than ever.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

JULY 15TH TO AUGUST 15TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPMAN, Rev. J. WILBUR, D.D.—The Surrendered Life, 1/- Sunday School Union
[*A small volume of helpful meditations; it is particularly suitable for members of the Christian Endeavour Society.*]

DRUMMOND, HENRY, F.R.S.E., LL.D., etc.—Stones Rolled Away, 3/6 ..... Bagster
[*These seven addresses to young men were delivered in America in 1893, and are now collected in book form for the first time. The author's striking influence is strongly to be felt in these pages, and his many admirers will be glad to include this volume among his other works.*]

DRURY, B. S.—Neo-Christian Epistles, 2/6 .....Swan Sonnenschein
[*This "Vindication of Christianity" is a very honest facing of problems, but is somewhat obscure in expression.*]

ROBERTSON, JOHN M.—Christianity and Mythology, 8/6 net .. Watts
[*An attempt to separate, compare, and explain Mythology and the Christian Religion, with conclusions as to the falling-off of the one and the progress of the other. It is issued for the Rationalist Press Association.*]

FICTION.

ANSTRUTHER, EVA.—The Influence of Mars, 3/6 ..... Richards

ARNOLD, S. C.—Smoke-Room Tales.....Dean
["*Anecdotes*" *seems a better term than* "*Tales*" *for the title-page of this small volume. There is danger and adventure in them, but scarcely space enough to show it off.*]

BERTHET, E.—The Catacombs of Paris, translated by M. C. Helmore, 6/-.....Constab'e
[*A fine romance of the eighteenth century; it deals with the curious subterranean quarries and caverns, which at that time honeycombed parts of Paris, and forms a blood-curdling volume.*]

BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Prince of Swindlers, 5/-.....Ward, Lock
[*Mr. Boothby has here a subject well suited to his taste and style. His "Prince" is worthy of the author of "Dr. Nikola"; he is a distinctive, cool-headed, impressive figure; almost another "Sherlock Holmes," except that this hero plays the game from the other side. The half-dozen tales of his swindles are exciting and well-sustained.*]

CROTTIE, JULIA M.—Neighbours ....Unwin

DE VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM, Comte A.—Isis Librairie Internationale

FARJEON, B. L.—The Mesmerists, 6/-.....Hutchinson

For Britain's Soldiers. 6/- .....Methuen
[*A generously-conceived and well carried out plan has resulted in this volume of able and impressive tales, from fifteen well-known and openly-approved pens. All profits from the book are to go to the War Fund, but the pleasure may be universal.*]

GRAY, ANNABEL.—The Mystic Number 7 ..... Simpkin, Marshall
[*This novel contains striking presentments of good and evil, and a generous measure of thrills and mystery; but the "mystic number" is not answerable for much of this; indeed, its influence seems a very half-hearted sort of thing, and shows at its best on the cover.*]

GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE.—Agatha Webb, illustrated, 3/6 Ward, Lock
[*A sensational detective story, containing several unusually gruesome deaths, counter-plots, and cross-purposes, triumphant local talent, and an unpleasant heroine with "an unmusical but effective voice," who gives "shrill and mocking laughs" at crucial moments, and many a bad quarter of an hour to the hero.*]

HERRICK, ROBERT.—The Web of Life, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*A distinctly clever book, finished and introspective; with a style which is never heavy. Chicago is, mainly, the scene of the story, and Howard Sommers, a clever young doctor, is the chief man in it; but a broad general picture is at the same time given of American life and American men and women, and a yet broader picture of human impulse and influence.*]

HORNIMAN, ROY.—The Sin of Atlantis, 6/- ..... Macqueen
[*A curious and interesting novel, dealing to some extent with occultism. An uncommon young duke, and two other men, who are "strongly individual," play important parts in this story; and a beautiful Norwegian girl influences many lives. The book is certainly worth reading.*]

HORNUNG, E. W.—The Belle of Toorak, 3/6 ..... Richards
[*A capital story. The plot contains more than one dramatic situation, and the "bush" is more than a mere background to these. Mr. Hornung's heroine is, as is not unusual in this author's works, the great attraction of his book; she is shrewd, brave, loyal, and daring, and frequently recalls to memory his always popular "Bride from the Bush."*]

MAJOR, DAGNEY.—The Humours of a Hydro, 1/-..... Skeffington
[*Contains some very obvious fun connected with the visit of an alderman to a hydropathic establishment for treatment. The patients were really very simple folk; in ordinary life one finds them more scattered.*]

ONIONS, OLIVER.—The Compleat Bachelor, 2/6 net.....Murray
[*A bright little volume of dialogues; sometimes a little artificial, but often amusing, and reminiscent of other pleasant pages.*]

PARKES, THOMAS.—The Flick of Fortune ..... White
[*A weak man and two strong women, turbulent hearts, and a rural setting—and the outcome of these things is a good story. There is no plot worth mentioning in this novel; no attempt at fine writing; and what was the actual "flick of fortune" we never quite find out; but none of these things matters much in a story as straight and simple and vivid as this story is.*]

STREET, LILIAN.—Fitzjames, 3/6..... Methuen

WEBSTER, HENRY KITCHELL.—The Banker and The Bear, 6/- Macmillan
[*An engrossing novel about a "Corner in Lard," written with power and originality; at times it becomes almost sensational, but is never carelessly handled.*]

WHARTON, EDITH.—A Gift from the Grave, 2/6 net. .....Murray

NEW EDITIONS.

BARING-GOULD, S.—In the Roar of the Seas, 6d..... Methuen
[*A timely edition of Mr. Baring-Gould's thrilling tale of the Cornish Coast. Holiday-keepers will welcome it.*]

FARRAR, FREDERIC W.—St. Winifred's, 6d.....A. & C. Black
[*Yet another edition of this ever-popular tale of school and schoolboys.*]

HUGO, VICTOR.—The Laughing Man, 2 vols. Translated by Bellina Phillips ..... Dent
[*The illustrations are by no means the least attractive part of this "Complete and Unabridged" edition of Hugo's Works which Messrs. Dent are bringing out; they are especially delicate and full of artistic feeling in the two volumes now before us.*]

MEADE, L. T., and HALIFAX, CLIFFORD, M.D.—Stories from the Diary of a Doctor, 6d. .....Newnes
[*A cheap edition of a favourite collection of thrilling stories from the pens of these popular collaborators.*]

PARKER, GILBERT.—The Pomp of the Lavilettes, 6d.....Methuen
[*Mr. Parker's fine tale of Bonaventura and its happenings should make an exceptionally popular volume of The Novelist Series. The type is excellent.*]

RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—My Danish Sweetheart, 6d..... Methuen
[*A cheap edition of one of this author's most popular tales, the sequel to which we still hope for.*]

SMART, HAWLEY.—Bound to Win, 6d.....Ward, Lock
[*A popular edition of Hawley Smart's breezy tale of the Turf.*]

WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE.—Aylwin, 6d.....Hurst & Blackett
[*A sixpenny reprint of Mr. Watts-Dunton's splendid novel, with an interesting introduction.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BUSS, MARIA E.—Passing Thoughts.....Elliot Stock
[*This small volume is divided into two parts, "Social Poems" and "Meditative Poems." The lines show deep feeling and kindly observation, and are dedicated to Miss Frances Mary Buss.*]

CORNWAILE, JOHN.—Yvonne, 1/6 net.....Burleigh
"'We live to die and die to live,'
Philosophies cold comfort give;
Yet I would think 'twere almost true
Had I no mind, my mind no you."
[*So sings Mr. Cornwaile. His poem to Yvonne shows that his heart is very steady, but his metre is often reminiscent of tumbles downstairs.*]

NESBIT, PARIS, Q.C.—The Human Comedy; or, Faust Up to Date, 1/-.....Hussey
[*A light mingling of heavenly and earthly matters, in which a newspaper editor takes part, and angels conclude with a chorus. This combination of the grave and flippant is here not quite in good taste, but the "Comedy" saves itself by being merely "A Fragment."*]

SHAKESPEARE.—As You Like it. Adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools by Elsie Fogerty, 2/6 net Swan Sonnenschein
[*Contains a useful and well-shaped adaptation of the play, much sensible advice respecting stage-management, etc., and many illustrations.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ARCHIBALD, Mrs. GEORGE.—Joel Dorman Steele, 5/- ....Gay & Bird
[*A sympathetic story of the life of this strenuous teacher and author. The Introduction is autobiographical, being the sketch, but just begun, for the autobiography which it was Dr. Steele's intention to write in response to the requests of his wife and friends. Much of the book itself is, also, self-revealing, being composed greatly of papers and letters. The thoughts and opinions on teaching, on writing, and on the beauty of life generally are full of intelligence and charm.*]

BARING-GOULD, S.—A Book of Dartmoor, 6/- .....Methuen
[*Mr. Baring-Gould loves Dartmoor, and it is as lover—not as guide, nor as antiquary, nor historian—that he has written this charming book about the moorland country of Devon. The volume deals fully (though not exhaustively, the author says), with the varied features and interests of that countryside, contains sixty illustrations, and will in all probability become a favourite handbook for the neighbourhood.*]

BEARNE, CATHERINE.—Pictures of the Old French Court, illus.. 10/6 Unwin
[*A most picturesque period is treated of in this volume:—The Reign of Charles V. and Jeanne de Bourbon, of Charles VI. and Isabeau de Baviere, of Anne de Bretagne, wife of Charles VIII., and Louis XII. The author writes of her subject with the familiarity of thorough knowledge and evident affection.*]

CRAWFORD, VIRGINIA M.—Fra Angelico, 6d. net ..Cath. Truth Soc.
[*A dainty little volume dealing with the life and work of the artist-friar, and showing him as "the greatest of Christian painters."*]

EGERTON, HUGH E., M.A.—Sir Stamford Raffles, 5/-.....Unwin
[*This volume of the excellent "Builders of Great Britain" Series is an important one, dealing as it does with one of the most strenuous "builders" of England in the far East. Mr. Egerton has gathered much new material for his work and has used it well.*]

FRICKER, Dr. KARL—The Antarctic Regions, Translated by A. Sonnenschein .....Swan Sonnenschein
[*By this volume the author and translator hope to stimulate interest in, and give real help by as thorough a description as is possible of the Antarctic Regions. Past history, climate, geological structure, fauna and flora, and all possible points are treated of; and maps, plates, and illustrations are included.*]

MCCARTHY, JAMES, F.R.G.S.—Surveying and Exploring in Siam Murray
[*This somewhat seriously titled book is in reality a thoroughly entertaining description of life and work and general matters in the country here dealt with. It is still further brightened by numerous illustrations.*]

PENNY, Mrs. FRANK—Fort St. George, Madras, 10/6 net Swan Sonnenschein
["*A Short History of our First Possession in India,*" *the author names this volume; and she goes back to the year 1639, when Fort St. George was founded. Her materials have been largely drawn from original papers; this fact, and the maps and illustrations included in the book help to make it a valuable addition to the "side-lights" of history.*

SCIDMORE, ELIZA RUHAMAH—China, the Long-Lived Empire, 8/6 net .....Macmillan

STREETER, A.—Sandro Botticelli, 6d. net.....Cath. Truth Society
[*In miniature form the biographer writes of the Florentine painter and his work. Little is actually known of Botticelli the man, but of his paintings much may be learned from this small volume; also something of the spirit of the time in which he lived—Christian, with pagan tendencies—and felt the influence upon his art.*]

TROUTBECK, G. E.—Westminster Abbey, Illus., 3/- .....Methuen
[*An excellent example of what a guide book should be; popular in style and form, yet shewing an intelligent, and (as far as its scope allows) an exhaustive knowledge of the subject dealt with.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BULWER, Sir HENRY LYTTON—Historical Characters, 3/6..Macmillan
[*Now, for the first time, this collection of Bulwer's "Characters" may be bought for less than six shillings. The type is clear, and the volume by no means clumsy considering the quantity of its contents.*]

CUNDALL, J. W.—London: A Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, and Naturalist, 6d. .....Greening
[*Another edition of this well-produced and low-priced guide.*]

GORDON CUMMING, C. F.—Wanderings in China, 6/- ....Blackwood

LOCH, HENRY BROUGHAM (Lord Loch)—A Narrative of Events in China, 2/6 net .....Murray

LOGAN, JAMES, F.S.A., etc.—McIan's Highlanders at Home, or Gaelic Gatherings, 24 Coloured Illustrations, 6/- net Bryce
[*A reprint, with reversed title, of the work as published in 1878. The volume contains a series of interesting coloured plates representing Highland life, these are from the original paintings made for this work; and countless smaller engravings are included in this unique book.*]

PENNELL, Mrs.—Over the Alps on a Bicycle, Illus. 1/-.....Unwin
[*A new edition (despite the date on the title-page) of the account of Mrs. Pennell's adventurous mountaineering feats on her bicycle.*]

The Travels of Sir John Mandeville, 3/6 net.....Macmillan
[*For this volume, perhaps more than for most of those which have appeared heretofore in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics," sincere gratitude is due to the editor. The editing of such a generally neglected (or abused) work as the "Travels" must have been a most arduous and responsible task. The result is in every way commendable.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

LYDE, LIONEL W., M.A., F.R.G.S.—A School Geography of the World, 2/6 net.....A. and C. Black
[*Mr. Lyde frankly states that in his opinion geography is the most educational of all school subjects except Literature; and this volume is consistently thorough and all-embracing to the carrying out of that belief. It appears to tell the pupil every geographical fact, and many scientific principles connected with those facts; it also helps him to teach himself.*]

MACWHIRTER, JOHN, R.A.—Landscape Painting in Water-Colour, 5/- .....Cassell
[*A unique and beautiful book. Not only has the artist described clearly his methods of study and work, he has, also, included twenty-three examples in colour of land and seascapes, lightly attached to the pages. Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., writes a helpful introduction.*]

PARSELL, HENRY V. A., Jun., and WEED, ARTHUR J., M.E.—Gas Engine Construction ..... Low
[*A very full and detailed treatise on the theory and principles of the actions of gas engines. It is written in a practical manner with a view to giving real help to students and amateur mechanics. We can quite believe that readers will fulfil the author's hopes by finding in the construction of the model gas engine even a pleasant mechanical exercise.*]

The Woodbury Reproductions of Old and Modern Masters, 1/- Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.
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[*This edition of Ruskin's four essays on Political Economy, printed in excellent type and produced in handy form, will be deservedly popular.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELL, ROBERT, M.D., F.F.P.S., etc.—The Pathogenesis and Treatment of Cancer, without Operation ..... Holmes

Fortune-Telling, by Cards and the Chrystal. Compiled and edited by Cicely McDonell, 1/- .....Dean
[*This mysterious book includes, in addition to its instructions in the matter of fortune-telling, "The Oraculum," or Napoleon Buonaparte's Book of Fate, also a list of unlucky days. What to avoid appears to be as important as what to undertake.*]

HIRST, F. W.; MURRAY, GILBERT; HAMMOND, J. L.—Liberalism and the Empire, 3/6 net ..... Brimley Johnson
[*Three intelligent Essays on 1, Imperialism and Finance; 2, on the Exploitation of Inferior Races in Ancient and Modern Times; 3, on Colonial and Foreign Policy; written with strong belief in Liberal principles and Liberal ability, and not without enthusiasm.*]

MURRAY'S Handy Classical Maps. Edited by G. B. Grundy, M.A., 1/- and 2/- each.....Murray
[*Admirable maps of Palestine and Germania; particularly valuable for schools.*]

NAVILLE, EDOUARD—Britain and Boer Independence, 6d. Blackwood
[*This little translation is an apt successor to the author's former pamphlet, "The Transvaal Question." It is a clear, impartial, and*

intelligent opinion on the probable consequences of the present situation in South Africa.]

SMITH, Mrs. YORKE—The Way to be Well, 3d. and 6d. Wells Gardner

[*Sensible words on the subject of fresh air, soap and water, diet, exercise, dress, and healthy homes. While making no claim to originality, this small book is to be commended for its simplicity and handiness.*]

Sports for Girls, edited by Howard Spicer, with Introduction by Mrs. A. S. Ballin, illus., 1/- net .....Melrose

[*Excellent papers on Skating, Hockey, Swimming, Golfing, Fencing, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, and the Physical Training of Girls, written by experts. Mrs. Ballin's introduction is full of common sense.*]

Stevensoniana, No. 2, 25 cents. .....The Bankside Press

["*A reprint of various literary and pictorial miscellany associated with Robert Louis Stevenson.*" *In this number are* "*My First Book*," *and* "*Books which have Influenced Me*," *by R.L.S.; also some interesting title-pages.*]

TOLSTOY, LEO—Religion and Morality, Some Social Remedies, Patriotism and Government, Letters to Friends on the Personal Christian Life, Letters on War, Thoughts on God, 3d. each.....Free Age Press

[*Half-a-dozen pamphlets embodying a clear outline of Christian philosophy, and setting forth in a concise form the main points of Tolstoy's teaching.*]

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[*Two more volumes of* "*The Temple Classics.*" *Each contains a frontispiece—*"*St. Christopher*" *and* "*St. Gregory's Mass.*" *It is a charming edition.*]

CORELLI, MARIE.—Patriotism or Self-Advertisement? 2d...Greening

[*A fourth edition of Miss Corelli's* "*Social Note on the War.*"]

MILTON, JOHN.—Areopagitica, and Other Tracts, 1/6 net ..... Dent

[*This* "*Temple Classic*" *contains, among the* "*other tracts,*" *Milton's treatise* "*Of Education*" *and the* "*Autobiographical Extracts.*" *It is a most carefully edited little volume.*]

Tully's Offices. Turned out of Latin into English by Roger L'Estrange. Temple Classics, 1/6 net.....Dent

[*With the exception of a few later corrections and improvements, this translation is a reprint of the first edition, 1680. Marginalia, Notes, and Vocabulary add to the value of the volume.*]

WARREN, HENRY.—How to Deal with your Banker, 3/6....Richards

[*This third edition within a few months proves that this invaluable book has met with well-deserved success.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers, 1841 and 1842, 25s. each given for any month these years.
Do., March, 1845, No. 140, £1 offered.
Gardiner's History of England, 2 vols., 1863, 18s. offered.
Freeman's Historical Geography, 2 vols., 15s. offered.
Freer's Henry IV., last decade, 2 vols., 1863, 25s. offered.

PARTRIDGE & CO., GROSVENOR LIBRARY, EASTBOURNE.

2 Across the Zodiac, by Percy Gregg (Asher's Continental Library).

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Sorrows of Satan, The Manxman, The Christian, The Vendetta, and other popular novels suitable for lending library.
Mrs. Brown at the Play.
Waverley Novels, Abbotsford edit., green cloth.
Madame Tussaud's Memoirs.
Hart on the Violin.
Davidson on the Violin.
Boy's Own Paper, vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4.
Country Life, vols. 1 and 2.
Cave Hunting, by Boyd Dawkins, 1874.

WRIGHT & JONES, 2, ORMOND ROW, CHELSEA, S.W.

Chrysostom, ed. Savile, 1613.
T. Harwood's Alumni Etonenses, 1797.
Porny's Heraldry.
Roberts' Judah Restored, 1774.
R. O. Cambridge's The Scribleriad, 1751.
W. Horman's Vulgaria Puerorum, 1530.
W. Horman's Antibossicon.
W. Fleetwood's Chronicon Pretiosum.
Eton College, view by Hollar, 1672.
Do., view by Loggan, 1691.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

20 6s. recent novels in splendid condition, mostly equel to new, the lot £2 10s.
Virtue's Imperial Shakespeare, unbound, 21s., cost £4, fine plates.
Ainsworth's Jack Shephard, 3 vols., 1st edit., illus. by Geo. Cruikshank, very rare, £3 18s.
Miser's Daughter, 3 vols., 1st edit., illus. by Cruikshank, very rare, £2 12s. 6d.

REV. JOSEPH REAVLEY, ALMORAH HOUSE, EIGN ROAD, HEREFORD.

Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, quite new, £10 10s.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Two Years in Switzerland and Italy, by Frederika Bremer, 2 vols., 3s. 11d.
Trilby, 1st ed., 5s.
Mason's Spiritual Treasury for the Children of God, 1s. 6d.
Memoir of the Rev. Achilles Daunt, D.D., Dean of Cork, with selections from his letters, sermons, etc., 1s. 9d.
Capernaum, by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart, 1s. 6d.
An History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ, compiled from original writers, by Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S., 4 vols., calf gilt, Birmingham, 1786, 6s.
Life of the Rev. John Wesley, including an account of the great revival of religion in Europe and America of which he was the first and chief instrument, by Dr. Coke and Mr. Moore, portrait, calf, 1792, 3s. 9d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between July 15th and August 15th, 1900:—

LONDON, E.C.

Edersheim: Messiah. 2 vols. 12s. net. (Longmans.)
Farrar: Life of Lives. 15s. (Cassell.)
Ruskin: Unto this Last. Cheap edit. 2s. (Geo. Allen.)
Chambers: Man and the Spiritual World. 3s. 6d. net. (Chas. Taylor.)
Malden: History of Surrey. 7s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)
Lorna Doone. India Paper edit. 2s. net. (Low.)

LONDON, W.C.

Scidmore: China. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Liberalism and Empire. 3s. 6d. net. (Johnson.)
White: West End. 6s. (Sands.)
Dunraven: Navigation. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)
Boothby: Prince of Swindlers. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

BIRMINGHAM.

Corelli, Marie: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Allen, J. Lane: The Increasing Purpose. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net (Dent.)
Meynell, Mrs.: John Ruskin. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Churchill, Winston S.: London to Ladysmith. 6s. (Longmans.)

BRIGHTON.

Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (T. F. Unwin.)
Hudson: Nature in Downland. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Onions: Compleat Bachelor. 3s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
Drummond: Stones Rolled Away. 3s. 6d. (Bagster.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Shakespeare's Works, with Photos of Actors and Actresses. 3s. 6d. (W. Collins.)

LEEDS.

Tolstoy: Resurrection. 6s. (Henderson.)
The Studio — Summer Number. Modern British Water-Colour Drawings. 5s.
Boyd-Carpenter: Popular History of the Church of England. 6s. (Murray.)
Maurice, Major-Gen.: The Franco-German War. 21s. (Sonnenschein.)
For Britain's Soldiers. Edited by Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Methuen.)
Corelli, Marie: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Jerome: Three Men on the Bummel. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

CAMBRIDGE.

Bury: History of Greece. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Century Dickens and Thackeray. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)
Crockett: Little Anna Mark. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Dent's Temple Primers. 1s. (Dent.)

BURNLEY.

Allen, J. L.: The Increasing Purpose. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Speight: Upper Wharfedale. 10s. net. (E. Stock.)
Contour Road Books. 2s. net and 3s. 6d. net. (Gall & Inglis.)
Guide Books, all classes.
Marshall Mather: John Ruskin. 1s. net. (Warne.)
Hardy: Tess. 6d.

MANCHESTER.

Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Haggard: Black Heart and White Heart. 6s. (Longmans.)
Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Hobson: John Ruskin. (Warne.)
Warren: How to Deal with your Banker. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Boothby: A Prince of Swindlers. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
Hobson: War in South Africa.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Walton: China. 6s. (S. Low.)
Paget: Hunting. 7s. 6d. net.
Nisbet: Our Forests. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent's Haddon Hall Series.)
For Britain's Soldiers. 6s. (Methuen.)
Guides, English and Foreign.
Churchill, Winston S.: London to Ladysmith. 6s. (Longmans.)

SUNDERLAND.

Crockett: Little Anna Mark. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Boothby: Prince of Swindlers. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Williams: Life of Sir J. N. Douglass. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)
Encyclopædic Primers. 1s. net. (Dent.)
Nuttall's Encyclopædia. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

ABERDEEN.

Van Dyke: Gospel for an Age of Doubt. 5s. (Hodder.)
Crockett: Little Anna Mark. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
J. O. Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Geo. Macdonald's Novels. Cheap edition. 1s. 6d. net per vol. (Kegan Paul.)
Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
E. V. B.: Seven Gardens and a Palace. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

The chief demand is for guide books, tourist maps, and sixpenny novels.

DUBLIN (1).

Sheehan: My New Curate. 5s. (Art and Book Co.)
Jerome: Three Men on the Bummel. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Craigie, Mrs.: The School for Saints. 6d. (Unwin.)
Craigie, Mrs.: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Barrie: When a Man's Single. 6d. (Hodder.)
Spiritual Life and Doctrine. 5s. net. (Art & Book Co.)

DUBLIN (2).

Bury's History of Greece. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Robinson's Flower Garden. 15s. (Murray.)
Bickerdyke: Letters to Young Sea Fishers. 7s. 6d. (Cox.)
Sheehan: My New Curate. 5s. net. (Art & Book Co.)
Steel: Voices in the Night. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Dr. Salmon's Cathedral Sermons. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.